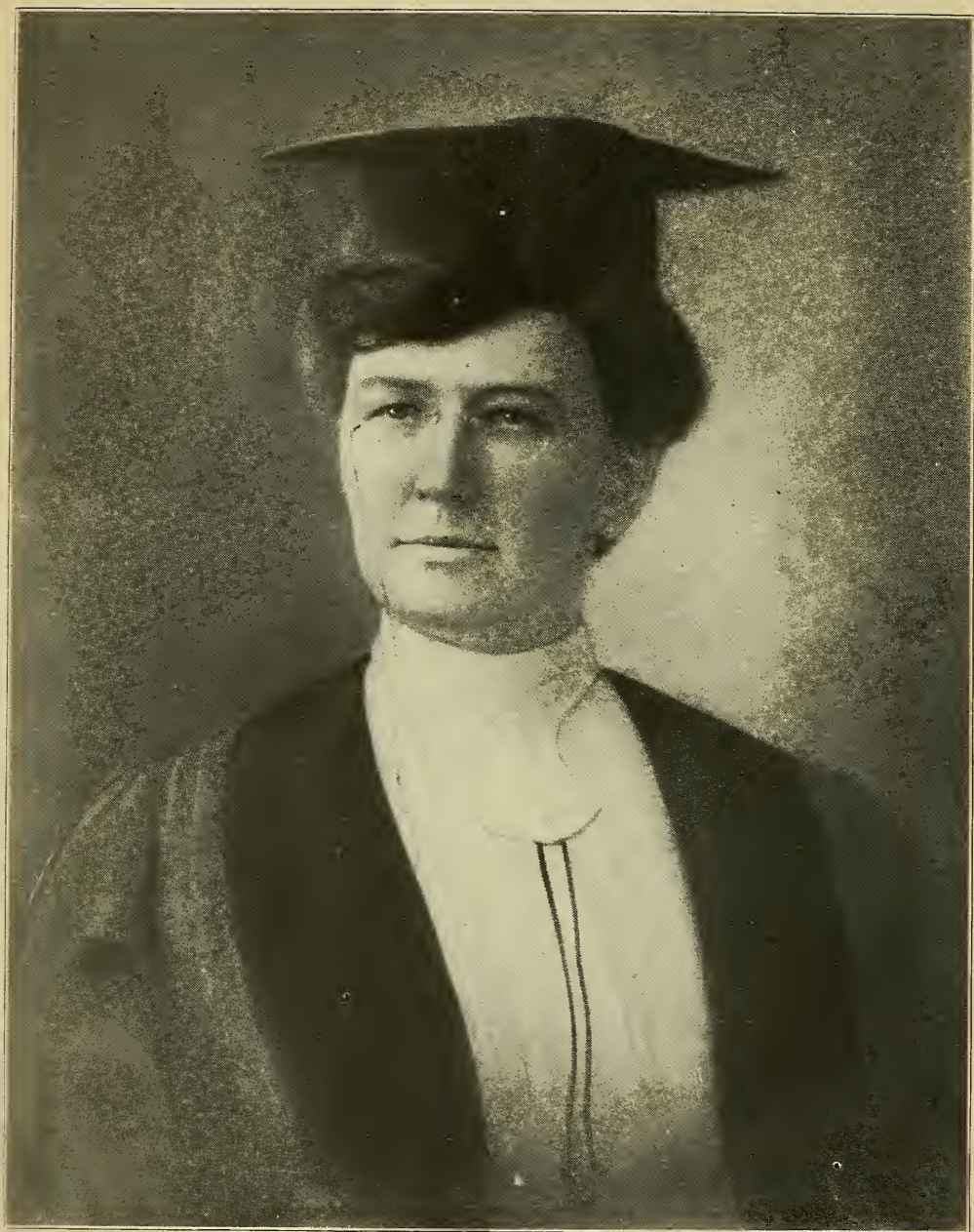


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DR. AUGUSTE MARIE MICHEL^e

A Mutilated Life Story

STRANGE FRAGMENTS OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Sketches of Experiences as a Nurse and Doctor in an
African Hospital, and in the American West.

By Auguste Marie Michel, M. D.

Si je suis un genis de humanites, sans rival,
Et la fille royal d'un peuple souffrant ou liberal,
C'est a cause de ma religion du coeur.

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Auguste Marie Michel
1911

Announcement


Dr. Auguste Marie Michel began her medical career as a missionary nurse in Africa where she gave her first year of service to all kinds of malignant infectious fevers and pestiferous diseases in that country.

The heroine of that dark and dangerous period won distinction for her remarkable courage. Her general fitness for emergencies was recognized and lauded by the French military doctors, after which she was promoted interne of the hospital, manager of the dispensary and clinical teacher of all the native medical students. She remained in Africa five years.

Returning to France Dr. Michel became externe pupil of the famous Professor Crozat. She worked in his Maternity Hospital and was credited and recommended by him to the faculty of medicine in Paris.

Dr. Michel came to America in 1893 and taught at a training school until she entered the medical college under the preceptory of Professor R. Ludlum, President of the Faculty of Medicine of the Medical College in Chicago. She graduated from the National Medical University and Hospital, Chicago, Ill., March 30th, 1899.

Dr. Michel is an essayist on the diseases and treatment of children and author of the book entitled "The Truth in Spite of the Devil", of which the present volume is an outcome.



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DEDICATION.

To those who give all the best forces of life for others,
To those who strive persistently to bring out all energetic
intellectual forces to defend personal and national honor,

To those who demand rightful justice for helpless and
uneducated sons and daughters of toil,

To those who guard jealously all the freedom of their
souls, no matter at what risk or cost or punishment,

To those who stand fearlessly and sternly in readiness to
defend the rights of the people,

To those who courageously face the vicissitudes of life
and endeavor to improve it by twisting bad conditions
into good ones, marching bravely onward
under the cloud of defeat or with the palm of victory,
until the closing of a blissful and glorious
sunset of life,

This book is sincerely and respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

This book is the true incidental experiences in life of the author. In order to explain and to understand clearly the nature of the destruction of an autobiography let us take notice of these statements:

An honest autobiography is not an ordinary book, for the reason that it is a statement of absolute truths. It is the story of a lifetime, and one must live long enough to have the experience that enters into its production. It is a fact, that a writer who devotes herself to autobiography confines her life production to a single book. No matter what the writer's talents may be for autobiography, she can never hope to place more than one upon the market. An autobiography is always single—never—never twins, or triplets. We have but one life to live—and write about.

Very early in life, the writer began writing her memoirs, which were meant to contain a description of her life and surroundings, and a sketch of the lives of those around her, with the impressions which these experiences brought to her philosophical mind.

That book of memoirs was taken from the author, through carelessness—or perhaps conspiracy—on the part of the express company in whose care the manuscript was placed.

The incidents contained in the present book are true, the characters which appear therein are actual characters, taken from real life, the names and locations only being changed.

The author feels that the contents will be of interest to many, touching, as they do, upon subjects which are of vital moment at the present time. She has intended to show that, although she has been wronged, she has not allowed her wrongs to embitter her nature or to take from her that charity which "suffereth long and is kind", or to deter her from her desire to pursue the path of duty, wherever it may lead, feeling sure that she is guided by the Divine Master, and that no matter what her enemies have done to her, only so far can they go and no farther, and that whatever betide, it is only for the good of one who loves God and walks with Him.

Perchance this book may be read by some heart which is suffering in silence from injustice humbly borne, and if it may succeed in solacing that wounded heart and strengthening it to bear its share of burden, if it may cast a ray of sunshine where the shadow lies deep, the author will have been well repaid.

CONTENTS

| | Page. |
|------------------------|-------|
| AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL | ix. |
| AS INTRODUCTION | xiii. |

BOOK I.

AMID PAIN AND PESTILENCE IN AFRICA.

Chapters.

| | |
|---|----|
| I. THE CHILD BY THE FIRESIDE..... | 3 |
| II. THE CALL OF THE DARK CONTINENT..... | 8 |
| III. LIFE IN AN AFRICAN HOSPITAL..... | 15 |
| IV. ON THE SHORE AT CARTHAGE..... | 20 |
| V. A VISIT FROM THE MAJOR GENERAL..... | 25 |
| VI. FAREWELL TO CARTHAGE..... | 31 |
| VII. THE CALL OF THE HUMANE LIFE..... | 36 |
| VIII. A VOLUNTEER FOR THE FRONT..... | 39 |

BOOK II.

A LOST STORY AND A FIGHT.

| | |
|--|-----|
| I. SOCIETY IN INQUIRY AND JUDGMENT..... | 47 |
| II. A PARTI-COLORED SOLILOQUY..... | 51 |
| III. CRUCIAL EXPERIENCES | 56 |
| IV. THREE MALES IN A PLOT..... | 60 |
| V. WARNING AND DEFIANCE | 63 |
| VI. A DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY..... | 68 |
| VII. MY PRECIOUS "RIDICULES" | 74 |
| VIII. THE LAST MONTH IN LONGTON..... | 77 |
| IX. A TRIAL OPENING AND AN EXPLANATION ... | 83 |
| X. A TALK WITH DR. JOHNSON..... | 96 |
| XI. THE FIGHT IN COURT..... | 102 |
| XII. DOUBLE TRIUMPH AND VINDICATION..... | 124 |

CONTENTS—CONTINUED.

BOOK III.

ROSES AND THORNS OF HUMAN LIFE.

| | Page. |
|--|-------|
| A GENTLE WARNING TO THE PRINCE OF ROBBERS. . . . | 131 |
| THE MAN-CHRIST OF TO-DAY. | 135 |
| HEART CALVARY | 143 |
| CONDEMNATION OF THE KING MAMMON. | 145 |
| HAS UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE ANY MESSAGE FOR THE WORLD? | 152 |
| THE FIGHT FOR WESTERN LAND. | 161 |
| IN SYMPATHY WITH MY NATIVE LAND. | 164 |
| THE VICTORY OF THE SOUL. | 166 |
| WARNINGS | 169 |
| POLITICS AND THE PROFESSIONS. | 170 |

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

The writer of the following pages was born at 1:00 P. M., on the 15th day of November, 1862, over a little shady river, near the famous factory of silk, called Laubinet, one mile from Verane, Canton de Pellusin, Loire, France, her father and mother being the master and mistress of the factory.

When Marie was about one year and a half old, the factory of Laubinet was burned to the ground. The mistress of Laubinet never recovered from the shock. She was followed to the grave by an immense concourse of working men and women whose friend she had been in life, as well as all the friends and companions of the country round, from her own station in life, who had known and revered her from her beautiful character. For years after the funeral was spoken of as one of the events to be remembered long by the people.

The Master of Laubinet, deprived of his companion, left the place and went to Lyons, where he was Superintendent of a large silk factory. The child Marie, thus left motherless, was taken in her father's arms, with a little nanny goat that fed Marie, to be cared for by the grandparents. The father of petite Marie ordered that the goat should never be killed or sold to any butcher but should be cared for until it died a natural death. This order was faithfully carried out, and Nanny lived until Marie was twelve years old.

Marie's grandfather was nicknamed by his friends "Bonaparte", he having been a valiant officer of the First Empire. He returned home after a long campaign with the famous general, with a few scratches, as he called it.

On returning from the military service he was for many years a professor of philosophy, and would devote his evenings to the night school, giving instructions to

the poor peasants' sons and daughters, until he died, when he was mourned by every one.

Petite Marie stayed with her grandparents, as she promised them, until they both died and were buried. Then she went to her father, living near Lyons. She was educated in the convent until fifteen years of age, and then finished her education under the guidance of her father, who was a learned scholar.

Marie had always manifested a desire to take a step beyond the ordinary station of life, but her darling father could not see how a woman could do anything else but to devote herself to a home, or as a sister of charity, in a hospital, for which work he thought Marie to be fitted. She felt she would rather be a missionary, in a country would be chosen by few. But to come from the third to the first person—myself being Marie.

Her return to her native land came as a surprise to her father, who rejoiced at her arrival, and gave a great banquet to the family for the return of the Prodigal Child whom he loved so much.

In honor of Marie's return, her father gathered together the sisters and brothers of Petite Marie, his second wife, and the servants of the house, who had been in the family many years, and who were glad to welcome Petite Marie.

The father closed the banquet by giving a speech of deep and eternal praise of Petite Marie, for her courage. Everybody wept for joy. Raising his two hands like a Prelate, and solemnly blessing his family, he said to Marie, as he laid his two hands over her head: "You shall be allowed and authorized by me, to travel the entire world, and never anything will happen to you; no matter what the tribulation may be, always do the right thing, without any fear before God and man, and you will never be forsaken. Always stand on the firm foundation of the rock, with your eyes turned toward the light of truth."

One of her brothers arose to propose a toast of thankfulness to his father, and one of the sisters sang a patriotic

tune. One of the servants, who had been in the family for thirty years, recited a prayer, invoking the Divine Providence, to protect "Petite Marie La Voyageuse."

After this pleasant visit, Marie returned to her field of duty in Africa, refreshed and invigorated for the trying ordeals before her, although her visit home had lasted but thirty days.

There she continued for three more years, working incessantly until her health broke down again, and she was compelled to return to Lyons, France, to her father, where she recovered again.

Immediately after she began to renew her medical study, she was recommended to the faculty of medicine there. Having credentials to that effect from Governor Masciaut and Major General Mangenon, of the French Army, she took a course under the famous Prof. Crouzat, who advised her to go to Paris, which she did, and after a short time left Paris to visit Chicago.

On her arrival in Chicago, the author presented her credentials to Dr. B. Arnuphy, Professor of Hahnemann Medical College, who in turn presented her to Dr. R. Ludlam, the President of the College. Having taken preliminary courses in the different institutions, she graduated from the National Medical University, of Chicago, on March 30th, 1899.

Immediately after the explosion of the Maine, she offered her services to the United States Government, and in connection with the National Emergency Association of Physicians, Surgeons and Nurses, she assisted in recruiting and drilling a corps of nurses for the field, and held herself in readiness to be called to the front at any time, but, as we all know, Spain capitulated so soon that only comparatively few of the soldiers, physicians and nurses crossed the ocean to take an active part in the war, so that her services in that respect were short.

After the author had begun the practice of medicine she became acquainted with Dr. Flayk, the Mayor of Lonton, Kansas. Their acquaintance ripened into mutual affection and they were married in Chicago and

from thence proceeded to their home in that Kansas town, where Mrs. Flayk at once entered into her social duties, as first lady of the town, but her ambitious spirit could not be kept in check by the mere fulfilling of these social engagements. Her desire to be always a help to others led her to take up the active practice of medicine again. So that with the demands made upon her time, both socially and professionally, she soon became very popular.

But fate had something in store for her, and she had yet many things to do and to experience. The happy life that she had so hopefully looked forward to did not develop.

She took her book of memoirs and wrote the immediately following chapters, which give a description of her life and surroundings during this trying period, her longing to lead a life of activity rather than of pleasure, the sympathy that she received during her troubles from her friends and the warning of a plot which resulted in her being obliged to bring suit against an express company on account of the extraordinary treatment accorded to the manuscript of her life story, entrusted to the company for transportation and delivery.

AS INTRODUCTION.

This book is written in a way that will appeal to the heart and mind of every thinking person who reads it. In it the authoress has put before the public the very questions that are of vital interest to the welfare of our country today. She has done this in a kindly manner, full of humor and pathos, that will please all and offend none.

The authoress was born in France, that great nation which has done much for the civilization of the world, whose representatives helped to explore and settle this country in its colonial days, which sent us the brilliant and dashing Lafayette, with thousands of French bayonets, to aid us in our battle for freedom. The blood of the ancient Gaul and Roman is coursing through the veins of the authoress, and she has written this book with the idea to help us solve some of the difficulties that are confronting this nation today. She sees a country once made free of despotism through the struggles of a few brave spirits now laboring under the burdens of a dominant plutocracy, and she comes to the rescue with a word of warning.

Her own experiences have brought her somewhat in contact with the corporations and monopolies of this country, and out of those experiences and the ideas of her philosophical mind this book is created and given to the public, which I feel sure it will greatly benefit.

BLANCHE COMPTON GRIER.

Book I.

Amid Pain and Pestilence in Africa.

A MUTILATED LIFE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILD BY THE FIRESIDE.

It was a cold, dreary night, on the 15th of November, 1869. Grandma and Petite Marie sat at each corner of the big fireplace. As Grandma shook the ashes from her apron with her cane, she began :

“Aha, this is your seventh birthday. I am glad of it. You were born the 15th day of November, 1862, I remember it well. I was there. Your father was master of the large silk factory of Laubinet, and all the working men and women of your father’s factory came to congratulate. They sang many songs for your darling mother. They all loved her so well, and your father, always generous and kind-hearted, felt touched through their action. He gave them the day off to celebrate and supplied the necessary things for the feast. They terminated the day with the dance, in calico dresses and overalls and wooden shoes, in the great big yard of the factory. Your mother, the mistress of Laubinet, exercised a maternal influence over the factory girls and boys, the girls coming to her for advice and counsel, confiding in her all their personal affairs.

“Your father had been well educated by his uncle, the Archbishop of Toulouse. He was a good singer and musician and led the chorus of the factory, consisting of hundreds of voices of working men and women, which were blended together many times in the day while the work was going on. The men and women felt that they had an interest in the work, which was light and agreeable, because in their master they had a congenial friend and guide.

"All the working men and women of the famous factory dropped down their work when they heard the noon whistle blow longer than usual, and the church bells of the village of Verane were ringing in honor of your birthday.

"Well, my child, I hope that God will spare me long enough to raise you until you will then be able to earn your own living."

"Yes, Grandma, I want to earn my own living, and much more, to buy your medicine."

"What! Never mind, my child, about my medicine. I have enough to pay for it, but you are the only one that worries me. Yet soon I will see you safe. I want to give you more schooling. Learn to pray well, my child, for a child without a mother has need of God. I will not be afraid to die if I see you at least to your twelfth birthday. I know you can fight your own way. You are like your father. You have courage. You are like the aide-de-camp of your father's uncle, the courageous soldier that was mutilated as he entered into the City of Moscow with the glorious French flag. It is so glorious to die for the good of others, my darling. I will not leave you any money, because you don't need it. Your father is well off now, since he left Laubinet; he has made another fortune, and he will provide for you."

Grandpa awoke from his nap and said:

"Now, Catherine, don't make any plans for that child. You know her father may come and take her away from us at any time. What would you do, Marie, if your father should come and get you?" said Grandpa.

"Well, I don't want to go."

"Well, if your father comes for you?"

"I will refuse to go."

"What are your reasons for staying with us?"

"I want to be your friend, Grandpa, because you and Grandma only have a few years left, I want to stay with you as long as you live."

"All right." Grandpa dissimulated his emotion. "Now come to my lap, and I will tell you a story of the war. I

am going to tell you to always fight for your good name, for not only the world, but even the devil, will have nothing to do with a coward. Love your God, mankind, your country! Remember the lessons of your grandfather.

"Well, now, Grandpa, tell me, how can you get to be a general?"

"Oh, to be a general, you have got to be a big man, well cultured and trustworthy. Bonaparte loved the good soldier. Now listen. On the evening of the great battle of the three Emperors, Bonaparte disguised himself and went among his troopss to find out what opinion they had of him. He asked one of his old guards, 'What do you think of the Russians? Are they going to swallow us up?' 'Oh, Monsieur,' said the little grenadier, 'Never! never!' Bonaparte took the number of his cap. The day after the battle, when the victory was won, the Emperor sent his aide-de-camp to find out if this man was still alive, and in a few hours the aide-de-camp, accompanied by the man, stood before the tent of the Emperor. The man trembled, not knowing what the Emperor wanted him for. When the Emperor appeared the soldier recognized him as the same man he saw the night before. The Emperor said, 'Sir, you see the Russians did not eat us up, and I am going to ask you if you wish anything.' 'Oh, Sire,' said the man, with the tears flowing from his eyes, 'I wish nothing else but to go to my mother.' 'France is in need of soldiers, now my son, but France will get along without you. Have you any brothers?' 'I am the only son.' 'How much do you need to take care of your mother.' 'We have got a home and garden; I can work produce enough for both of us.' The Emperor drew a check and handed it to the aide-de-camp, saying, 'Get a passport for this man and send him to his mother.' The man, speechless with emotion, bowed his thanks."

When Grandpa finished the story he found that Petite Marie was apparently asleep; but she had heard all, and could repeat it, and many other stories similar to this were told her every night, on Grandpa's lap.

A few years passed by rapidly in the midst of these loving memories of Grandpa. Some nights she would

sleep with Grandma, and other nights with Grandpa. She would rather sleep with Grandpa, for he almosts always had stories to tell her to put her to sleep, and Grandma had such long, long prayers to say, one for the soldier, one for the traveling man, one for the sailor on the deep sea, one for the sinner, one for the widow and orphan, one for her family, one for her enemy, one for Petite Marie, when she would be eighteen—and Petite Marie always asked her what she meant by that special prayer.

"Ha! ha!" replied Grandma. "When you are eighteen you will be in the most dangerous period of life. That is the age when a woman should be as strong as a column of marble. She needs all the light, the great, true light of the Holy Spirit, to guide her through that wonderful period."

"Oh, Grandma," said Petite Marie, not understanding Grandma's talk, "I am growing up strong, really; I sailed alone the other day in uncle's boat, to Aunt Josephine."

"Well, never mind that," said Grandma, "I will watch over you, living or dead. Now, Petite Marie, I want to tell you something. You know Grandpa is getting more feeble every day, and something tells me that he is not going to live very long. Well, I wish to make the trip before him, for how can I get along without him? But Grandpa worries me quite a little, Petite Marie. I wish you would sleep with him, so as to notify me if he wishes anything. I mean to say, if he is feeling badly, restless, gets up in the night. You could notice those little things, for he might be sick."

"What can I do if he is?" said Petite Marie.

"Well, don't wait for that. Let me know how he acts."

All of those things were well understood and carried out by Petite Marie. She slept near Grandpa every night like two good friends. Finally the day came when Grandpa did not feel like getting up; he said he felt bad, and didn't want to get up any more. Marie decided to tell Grandma. Grandma immediately climbed the stairs to

the first floor, in spite of her having to use two crutches, with the help of Petite Marie. The good family doctor came to examine the patient, and make a diagnosis of the case. He had Grandpa removed to a large, bright room on the first floor, where he was ill a short time, after which one day people were going back and forth. The three eldest sons of Grandpa sat by the side of the bed. The room seemed to be transformed into a little church. Everything seemed solemn, so spotless. But what seemed to frighten Petite Marie was the silence. She saw everybody kneel down. The dining room, bedroom and kitchen were full of people. Grandpa had for years been the night school educator of the peasants and silk workers. The priest whispered a few words to the patient; a short prayer terminated this ceremony.

Grandpa raised his head painfully and said with kind and solemn tone: "Catherine, Catherine, I am going, but do not fear anything from anyone, for I have arranged matters safely for you. No one will take your home from you, and you shall be provided for." He dropped his head on the pillow. Poor Catherine advanced forward, with her two crutches and said: "My Joseph, my Joseph, don't go away from me! What can I do alone? I would much rather go first"; and everybody wept.

Some one said, "Come, Petite Marie, and kiss Grandpa, who loved you so much." Grandpa kissed the child and then someone took her from the room. In a little while her grandfather had passed away.

The story was repeated over and over again by little Marie. The women of the town, when they had their meetings, in fields, in the hall or the house, used to like to hear her tell what Grandpa said before he died.

CHAPTER II.

THE CALL OF THE DARK CONTINENT.

I was engaged to be married to a French army officer, to whom I had given my hand, my heart, faith, hope and the guardianship of my life, after which he accompanied an expedition to Africa. Afterwards he was sent to China, where he was fatally wounded in an engagement. After the message of death came all I can remember is that I had a period of serious illness. Immediately after my recovery my father took me to visit some friends in different places in France, until I had entirely recovered. After this he selected another suitor for me to marry. This I would not consent to, and, for the first time, I gave my father my confident desire to go as a missionary to Africa, which at first he would not consent to, but suggested to me that if I was willing to embrace the life of a Sister of Charity he would not oppose it, as he many times said that I was born for religious and philanthropic work.

There was a friend of his schooldays Sister Superior in the Hotel Dieu Hospital of Lyon. She was also a graduate druggist. The Sister Marie Antoinette was very enthusiastic over the suggestion, being a lifetime friend of his, and she would have been a good mother to me. But I wished for a wider, more untrammelled sphere. My ears seemed to hear the voice of my hero, and his soul seemed to light my way. I thought I was following the direction of his voice. All the world could not change my mind, for the beautiful loving soul of my hero was my leading guide. It would have been impossible to make a mistake. My devotion to the poor, since a little girl, as already stated by my father, was my truthful dream; nothing more true, more real or more elevating could divert me from my motive.

So as not to be opposed in this determination I

courageously consulted my heart. It said that I was in the right to give up all my love, even my father's love, for a noble and worthy object. In a few days I found myself sailing quietly but hopefully on the Mediterranean Sea to face the problem courageously, no matter what the risk might be. When the captain of the vessel came to examine my passport for identification, as I could not help but raise a suspicion—hardly twenty years of age and alone—the captain said:

"Where are you going, my little girl?"

"To the French Colony, sir."

"Do you know anyone there?"

"Of course, yes, I know the great Cardinal Lavigerie, the Prelate of Africa."

"Oh! that will do, that will do."

And in a few days of smooth sailing we arrived all safe near the coast of Carthage. To reach the land we had to get a small sailing boat that landed us near Tunis, where I waited a few days to interview the Chief of all Missions, and before I could succeed in doing so I had to produce my credentials, with the recommendation from the French consul. I received a message from my father saying: "Very sorry of the step you are taking, still try all things honorably. If too hard return home at once. Always remember your father."

At my third attempt to see the Cardinal I finally succeeded, with the introduction of the consul. He received me kindly and remembered my face, having seen me at the Church of St. John in Lyons, where he was preaching about his African mission and telling how the country was in need of young people for missionary work. I spoke to him candidly, in the plain French language, what my message was to him as I was standing before a large table where he was writing in his studio in Carthage, until he ordered me to be seated comfortably. He stopped writing for awhile as if he would carefully weigh every word of his reply to my asking for missionary work and I thought almost

at the outset he was going to refuse me. He at length said: "It will be impossible for you to do the hard work, being so little, and you will have to be protected as a nun to care for soldiers and all kinds of rough natives."

I replied honestly and earnestly to him, as if I had not understood the meaning of his word "protection", telling him that I could turn many times over before a husky person could turn once, and he candidly smiled at my childish pleading. He said:

"I do believe you, but I mean to say that there are large patients to be lifted and sometimes carried, which I think you will be too small to do."

At the same time he took his pen and went on writing. This gave me a little time to think of what else I could do with this great, good, kind, loving, godly man of about six feet high with a silver beard reaching the apex of the stomach. I broke the silence once more timidly with a new idea in my mind, more determined than before.

"Your eminence, I thank you for your kind explanation, I think it positively right for me to become a nun for such work, and I am willing to do anything you wish me to."

He dropped his spectacles from his eyes, twisted them in his right hand playfully, and said again:

"You are too young, but a little later this matter may be considered."

Then I had fear of his not granting the opening for which I had traveled so far; I reinforced my courage and said to the Cardinal that since I had arrived there I didn't feel very good.

"Are you ill?" said he.

"Yes, I think I am."

So I thought I was. He immediately rose and rang a bell and a white-robed Dominican entered.

"Here, this little girl is ill; send for the ambulance at once and take her to the hospital."

"What am I to say," said the father.

"Only that the Cardinal sent her," with a powerful, rich, commanding voice that made me feel very hopeful for my problematical plans of a future engagement.

When the ambulance came I kissed the hand of his Eminence. The man in charge of the ambulance said to me, "Can you walk in the hallway?" I said "No, I don't think so." The man laid me on the stretcher. From that moment I kept my lips tight and eyes down. Once in awhile the doctor would fan me or take the pulse.

From the studio of the Cardinal to the hospital there was about five miles of riding. Soon I arrived there. I was again asked if I could walk. I said: "I will try to stand but feel too weak." They seated me in a long chair and carried me into a room where all eyes for a while were turned on me to see the newcomer as usual. When the nurse came to assist me to undress, before about thirty patients, some of them noticed and even made remarks about my appearance; they said, smilingly and suspiciously, that I was not very ill, having such fresh and rosy cheeks; some of the nurses almost made fun of me, hinting that I was more fitted to go to the Hotel de France than to come into the house of the poor.

Calmly I took possession of my bed, which was as clean as I could expect, and laid on one side to wait for my prompt recovery. But they kept me there a good many days, with a glass of milk twice a day and plenty of water. This good rest cure gave me time to recuperate from the past difficulties as well as to prepare for the future ones. When the doctor internes visited the patients every morning, passing before my bed, they would only give me a smile. Finally one day one of them took a little sympathy and asked me if I wanted a change in my regime, which he thought might be needed. Somehow through the hospital it almost seemed that I was a strange and even suspicious character.

Some of the missionaries would say, "Without a

shadow of a doubt this little woman must be an actress."

"Yes," from another, "some worthless, worldly woman."

But the sister of the ward would say, "You can't judge the people altogether through their fine clothing. Whatever you say, remember this, she is the protege of the Cardinal."

But it wasn't long before the Superintendent became restless over the healthy young woman occupying a bed that was needed for some sick person. It seemed to him almost an outrage, as in those days a French woman not a nun in this benighted country, was more than scarce. During that short period of time I had plenty of time to grasp the first real horror of a hospital in that obscure country. People, half clean, half dressed, would go to bed to suit themselves, speaking all kinds of languages but French, and needing all kinds of things besides cleaning wounds—a mixed up debris of Babylonian invalids. Enough work for ten people, to only one who was determined she would work until she would drop, and someone would be neglected for it. Our poor, military doctors did all they could heroically, but they were not assisted properly and they knew it, but they could not help it. The institution could not pay, having no funds. I felt so strange and lonely to see so much before me, thinking how I could undertake the work that I contemplated without any order but the divine voice that led me there.

At 5 p. m., all the patients were fed for the last time that day; at 6 p. m. all the missionaries would go to dinner, after which the nurses became scarce in the room unless to attend to an outside call of emergency or some desperate patient either in a dying condition or in great pain who would keep ringing and ringing the bell until finally some assistance would come to him.

I could no longer resist it, so I got up to carry out

my will and determination to work for the general good of humanity. Many times I was occupied most of the night; generally it was 2 o'clock in the morning before I could get one meal and retire for the day. The condition of the hospital at that time would have revolted any common-sense woman working in a modern hospital of today.

My first lesson there was to learn the speech of the nation clear enough to be understood. I studied and made friends all through the way. At length, one glorious morning, the Cardinal entered the hospital to visit as usual. At first the Superintendent's report showed that the little French woman sent there, not ill, was a mystery to them. The godly gather smiled at him. As wise as Solomon, he despised prejudice.

"Well, let us see what we can do with her."

The Superintendent said: "Eminence, your candiness is too great and you are too patient and I fear that someone will take advantage of you as they always do."

But the Cardinal walked steadily from one bed to another, speaking to the patients that were kissing his hand, and to each he would say a kind, uplifting word in his own language, as he spoke a great many languages and knew the customs as well as the four corners of Africa well. His eminence would buy hundreds of children and men with one hundred pounds of rice apiece, and he would then educate them for fitness in any station in life. Those who were willing to study medicine had an opening in the hospital as students. When he got through his visit of bed after bed he had better reference to this little French woman than all the officials, as each one of these patients had told him in his or her language the nature and difficulty of the work done during the night. Before he left the room he said to me:

"I want you here, I need you, and I will see the board of meeting myself."

But an hour after this the Superintendent came

and said to me, with a displeasing appearance, that he would try me for three weeks and then send me home. However, after this day I worked so harmoniously with the French doctor in charge, who encouraged me and was pleased with my work that the Superintendent forgot to come and discharge me. I remained there seven years, with the very small pay of twenty cents a day, until appointed interne with double pay.

After two years as interne, I do not know how, but I did fit anywhere; I was interpreter in two good languages, and understod all the African mixed up languages for general emergency. After this I was appointed inspector of the children found, chief of maternity clinics and interne of the hospital for the rest of the time. With this I had the care of the outside dispensary and was deputized to bring sick patients to the hospital for the general sanitation of the French troupe, and to keep a record of all infectious diseases and to assist all medical men as well as all church men through this dark field until my health broke down.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN AN AFRICAN HOSPITAL.

After I had been placed on the hospital staff and received the instructions accordingly at first I had to suffer many oppositions and oppressions, even tyranny, on the part of a class of people very prejudiced against foreigners. However, I rolled my sleeves away up and put down a strong determination that I should win and nothing under the sun should discourage me. I never had many books in my possession; still I was hungry to learn and was willing to earn the money for my education, no matter how hard the work. Even if I had to work for ten cents a day, I was to face and combat all discouragement and opposition.

I put in a period of primary experience and a thorough housecleaning to suit myself, in spite of all ridicule and objection on the part of those who were there before me and that were supposed to know everything. I did not know anything about the work myself, but determined to find out where I would possibly fit to begin my career.

On my introduction to the Major and Chief of the hospital he approved and praised the sister highly for having found the right woman for the right place. I blushed timidly with confusion, asking myself why should he say that without knowing me better. He said to the sister:

"She is young, healthy, little and elastic, good enough to do the kind of work I want her to do. Sister, give her your part of the instructions so as to get her ready for me tomorrow at 8 o'clock, the time I am to operate," and he bowed respectfully. The sister took me in the little private room and gave me the necessary instructions for the ruling of the house, the meal time, as well as the hour to retire and arise, and these two mottoes: "Never ask any questions; never look at the doctor's face or eyes; listen to all the in-

structions and grasp all you can. Humility will lead you into the right path."

"Now as to your dressing appearance this morning I fear there is too much of a suggestion of a light mind for the work that you will be called to perform."

I replied humbly to the sister that I could work much better with a clean dress and cuffs and collars than with a soiled dress. She understood the logic of it and accepted it in a good spirit and I began my work. But it was not long before I met carping and unreasoning objection on the part of my associates, besides contempt, insults and threats from prejudiced patients that seemed to entertain a bitterness against a French woman unknown to them. In spite of all this I took things in a good, jolly spirit, ready to march on, not to surrender.

After I had worked a few months on trial with the Major and Chief he praised and told me that I was just gentle enough to be led to the point he wanted me to. The Major L'Allmand's masterful instructions were my very first to start with; I was only too willing to obey him to the letter and he saw it.

The Major was about forty-five years of age, six feet tall, slender, with light hair and mustache which was almost long enough to twist around his ears; always in uniform. With the hammering of his spur he had almost trained me to obey him as an electric bell would do to the touch of a finger, so quick were his commands. He commanded me with the voice of a general, always stern, never a smile. I learned this master so well that I could almost guess what he wanted by his looking at me; he kept me going and working like a butterfly, as I was elastic on my feet, but had to be still more so.

It wasn't long before he found out my faithful trustfulness to all his ordinances. I usually served him a cup of chocolate before he entered the sick room, removed his coat and put on his apron. One day he said to me:

"Sit down, I want to talk to you. Let me give you a few pointers of the necessary course for you to go by, as a little nurse should do. First: be always kind, polite, courteous, for any duty, without pretense. Let those who teach you lead you along obediently and you will gain much from it. Second: never interfere with any of us doctors when talking unless something is asked of you, but listen carefully, store everything into your mind. Third: never give your opinion on anything that even you claim to know, for it may not be wanted; if so asked, give it with caution, especially never say anything to offend, humiliate or intimidate anyone, but always excuse if possible. Fourth: always be alert and attentive to all the needs that you see before you without being commanded to do it. Especially be courteous to all old people or people ailing or partly broken down in health; you would not only make them better in health by such an attitude, but it would be criminal to be otherwise. Fifth: whatever a patient may say to you provoking or insulting, remain silent and remember that he or she is a helpless, defenceless, trembling, ill person, probably losing strength and going down, while you are well and going up. By doing kindness to others you will grow mentally; otherwise you will be punished in your own heart and soul. Do not invite sin or approach anything that leads you to it; otherwise you will interfere with the broadness and the wisdom of your mind and darken the road of possibility to reinstate your mental power, in the good, sound righteous root of the best things that make life worth living. You may lose also the divine power given you by the Infinite to reach your perfection."

I thanked him for his good instructions and promised him to make a rule of my life that he himself had shown, and he appeared pleased with my understanding. Then he said:

"Let me make something out of you—but you must

obey me", which I did until the day he was delegated to other duty.

The daily work was exact to the minute for everything, with the exception of two days in the week confused with work. Always I assisted him. After the clinical work he would go to see the sick in the prison, and, by exercise of his kindness, most of them were brought to the hospital, where we could give them better care, physically and mentally. I would also go with the minister for interpretation or other assistance to their people. Women, especially, were always brought to the hospital. Besides, I had one weekly visit to the convents and harems, where males generally were not allowed.

But the worst days of the week, as we call it, were the days that we examined all the women of the demi-monde; under the general law of sanitation these unfortunate characters, vicious or criminal, were cared for by us. The Major's life was often in danger in the course of taking care of these creatures, without speaking of my insignificant self, who was threatened many times with death. We gave them all available care and sanitation. Many were the crimes confessed to me, either on their dying bed or through direct confession won by the friendship of daily association. If some of them wished to pledge their word of honor for a reformation we would let them out on parole, or send them to the Good Shepherd, the House of Refuge, or workhouse, Ala Marssa, near Carthage, founded by the Cardinal, where so many have returned to the good life, and the youthful ones were recommended and sent home, through their own counsel, into each one's own country, for we had all kinds of nationalities there.

Once a month was devoted to the general inspection and examination of the foundlings. These fatherless ones were examined and weighed monthly; when they gained weight the wet nurses, the country women who live in the mountains of Africa, in the farming or

mining region, would receive a premium for having taken good care of them, and those who lost weight would receive attention and proper instruction. These children were cared for by us until they were five years of age, unless exceptional treatment was required for sickness. They were then sent to an asylum to be brought up like all the orphans in this institution and trained in the manual school of the Cardinal for any station in life. Some of them have become doctors and have gone to the various tropical countries.

During two years I worked under Major L'Allmand, till one day he was replaced and changed to another station. The stirring master as he had been, he had almost molded me to his ideas, and seemed somewhat proud of it when he introduced me to his successor, Major Shooll:

"Here is Marie, my right hand. She will inform you about all these patients without any doubt," and as he looked at me, blushing with timidity, he said: "Before I leave this town I shall make credentials for you to lead you on to your final career." As a tear fell from his eye I said to myself: "Oh, my heart, if he knew!"

This man so brave, so courageous, so heroic, was one of the few that dared to visit me close to my bed when all the rest would not come within one hundred feet of that bed in the pest house, fearing that they would take that fearful disease, and still he never took the disease, nor did the sister, who came many times a day, kissed me and caressed me and encouraged me, telling me I would not die, nor would the venerable Pere Francois, who came there so fearlessly and would say:

"Well, well, they sent me here because I am an old man and death does not want me."

This brave, valiant soul, faithful servant of the living God, that stood the hardships of Africa without the least notice or reward, has a monument of gratitude in my own heart, where he shall never be forgotten.

If they only knew. Oh, my soul!

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE SHORE AT CARTHAGE.

Dr. Shooll had been instructed by the Major General as he took his duty, how things were at the time. The hospital had no general recording officer for cases, depending on the entries in the internes' note books, and for some time had to take the things in such formality, but it wasn't very long before it had to enlarge and divide its rooms. The Doctor L'Allmand accomplished a great deal before he left. A hospital for the military had been built one mile and a half from the city to relieve the congestion of the city hospital, which was overcrowded. So Dr. Shooll had to take up the work almost as if not yet begun with the little assistance I could give him. We divided our patients and classified them according to their departments.

Dr. Shooll was a splendid man in appearance and of remarkable ability, in better health than his predecessor, with a little less work, for he had doctors to assist him. He carried on the work smoothly and gave me full swing in the work I had under him. Before I had worked a year with him I had won all his masterly and paternal confidence. If I was in need for anything I should demand at once, he said.

Dr. Shooll had a beautiful wife, brilliant socially as well as personally, which tended to bring him in frequent contact with the social reign at the Régence, so much interested in the welfare of the people. He was the doctor of the Governor, Masciant, and his family. When I was short of funds for the premium of my fatherless all I had to do was to ask the doctor or Madame Shooll and she would give an entertainment, and the next day we would have the funds.

I more than once laid a petition before him for the pleading cause of some unfortunate creature that we

found, in order to send her to her own country through her own consul, who would provide the funds necessary for this. With his influence I had brought the thing almost to my ideal, when one day he asked me to lay down all the suggestions I could find for the selection of a place for a children's and women's hospital with the maternity in the annex, which I tried to do through my personal acquaintance with the Cardinal, whom I used to visit occasionally.

Every summer many of the missionary sisters would go to the sea shore near Carthage. We had selected some spots for a few hours of recreation. It seems to me that I am walking there yet, so sweet is the memory, gathering salt under the big rock of the monumental historic days of the Carthaginian war that had left still mountains of human relics, human and horse bones, old fragments of armory, in one mass to indicate the matter of fact of this war. Above this rock Santa Monica bade farewell to her famous son, St. Augustine, when he first left her with all her love for his apostolic missionary work. A little closer to this spot is now a garden, well cared for by the White Fathers. In the front of the museum and library there is a spot most silent and peaceful, where his Eminence was wont to sit meditating and dreaming over his great ideas of humanitarianism, also the place where he had his last comforting hour, listening to the playful musical tune of the waves splashing against its historic rocks, so rich, so invigorating, that it kept him alive until very near eighty years of age.

This colossal man with a gigantic mind accomplished all his wishes before he died. He built the large Basilique of Carthage that will stand there as a monumental memorial of his glorious life and witness his achievements in the cause of religion. His Eminence dedicated the Basilique only a few years before he died. I was at the dedication and there were a great many thousand people in that desert spot of Africa

where so many martyrs gave up their lives, unknown to the world and with never any notice in its history.

In this sketch it would be impossible to mention the names of those who labored with us in that period; only mentioned here are the close associates. There were three worthy young doctors that served in the hospital with me that came from the Cardinal's institution before I took up my work as interne of the hospital. In the first year there were Dr. Michel, Dr. D'Allin, Dr. Felix, that served his first year and whom I replaced, and in my last year Dr. Shooll added a military doctor to his staff whose name was L'Oisson, also Dr. Dufaut.

During my last year in Africa Major Shooll's health became impaired, and he returned to Trois, France. Dr. Gamet was his successor, after which civil doctors took up the entire duties of different sections and divisions of the hospital. Dr. Gamet, who was the chief, a millionaire Frenchman from Lyons, my own home, gave me full swing of the work, as I had before, and more than once I had the entire care of the patients in the hospital. Crushed under the work, finally my health broke down. Still, before leaving the place, having at heart that new hospital, I made an effort to see the Cardinal on the matter, which was my last visit to him. Having located an old castle belonging to the old Bey or king of that province, who had retired in his private castle, La Marssa, I thought that through his Eminence and the governor and French consul, I could get my ideal hospital spot by the sea, two hundred feet from the bed rock of Carthage. But the Governor happened to die shortly afterwards, his demise coming but a few days apart from the death of his Eminence, the Cardinal Lavigerie, the beginning of the week of November, 1892, and the city of Tunis was draped in mourning.

I had asked to be relieved so I could go back to France, as some doctors thought I was dying of consumption, but Dr. Gamet was the only one that told me

that my native land alone would bring my complete recovery, so I was getting in readiness to leave most any time providing that my office would be filled, which it took quite a long time to do.

About the beginning of my third year as nurse I had aroused envy and jealousy when my work was praised by the French doctors. Of course it was officially known that they had given me all their trusts and I kept my filial authority given by them honorably to the last day; they knew that I had spared nothing; that I was willing to give my life for this work. They were sure of it. And it is useless here to mention anything of my dramatic departure. I almost had to hide from some of the patients, it seemed to them no one under the sun could care for them any more. Some would almost try to die and others were willing to follow me; the pain is too great to be remembered. I used all the influence I had to free all the white slaves. I placed half of them under parole; the only thing for them I could plead of Dr. Gamet; and they stood in all roads to bid me good-bye.

A sister that called me daughter and that I called mother during these years of hardship, as she bid me farewell, told me that to that day she had never known clearly what power I had in my pleading voice with the doctors for anything I wished to accomplish. I said to her candidly:

"Beloved mother and sister of my hardship, you know in your own heart that these things were the work of God in man. United in one thought with the powerful forces and ray of love, men do wonders; they need for each other the light of the ray of soul to accomplish things, like the mother earth sunshine to produce food for the life of her children. My creeds are direct from the infinite, divine power of the mighty God of love for all things and no demon from hell, no man on earth, no angel in heaven can unite me with or part me from Him. I am a part of Him, like a spark of the fire of life or fire of my soul, that is ruled by

nothing but obedience to His love that leads me through and through safely like a helpless child with the forces necessary to accomplish his divine commands, and no one living can rob me of this unless I am wrong, with my own sin blackening or obstructing my direct communication with the Infinite. If such is conflicting with my soul I alone, unfortunate and insignificant shadow of death, shall have to suffer for it. You knew all these things when I was living with you. As for the mixed up population of all kinds, I always treated them as if they were of only one single belief, for they are all mine."

She blessed me, and her sweet memory will never die.

CHAPTER V.

A VISIT FROM THE MAJOR-GENERAL.

One day Petite Marie was doing a little cleaning around her operating room, with a large spotted apron on, thinking that not being visiting day, nobody would enter there, but as she was brushing the wall with the whitewash in an adjoining room (where a patient had died the day before), singing happily, like the robin, suddenly she heard a little rap at the door. She looked and saw a heavy set man, dressed in blue serge, with a white cap, and a little cane, his hair cut in military fashion. He wore the imperial beard with a few slight strains of white apparent in it. He looked to be a man of forty or forty-five. Marie said to him:

"What can I do for you, Monsieur?" She was accustomed to receiving the general public, as well as the diplomatic personages of the Regencé, such as the French Consul and Italian and Spanish Consul, as she could easily and fluently speak with them in agreeable French.

She said to herself, as she looked at the stranger, "It is not the Governor, nor any consul that I ever saw before." She excused herself, and said to the gentleman, "This is not our regular visiting day, but I will take you around the hospital, all through, if you will excuse my apron, spotty with drugs."

"Never mind," said the gentleman, "I will be pleased to see these patients." "Well, Monsieur, follow me. This is the large ward, for chronic patients, and also consumptives. All we can do for them is to treat them with certain antitoxins, give them plenty of wholesome food and let them have everything they wish, keep them clean, and plenty of sunshine.

"The next room is where we have all surgical cases. You see they are all looking pretty good," as they passed by bed after bed. "A few of them have their

limbs lying in the paris cast, but that does not affect their appetites. They eat three good square meals a day, sleep well, tell stories to each other or joke or play cards, or read books. They are not feeling very bad, you see," as the gentleman remarked several fractures of a complicated kind. The gentleman seemed to understand it well. Marie said to him: "Monsieur seems to have medical knowledge." He bowed affirmatively, as they stepped out to another ward.

"This is the ward of all specific cases. Of course, hygienic treatment is the first thing that must be given in these cases, good food, plenty of baths, local treatment and general as well, according to the severity of the case. Plenty of sunshine and fresh air. We send them into the roof garden in the day time." "Well," said the visitor, "they are all young people." "Yes, they are all young people; it is too bad. Some authorities have agreed that they will never get well."

As they went into the next room Marie said: "This is the maternity ward, with the foundling children's ward in the annex. These women receive the same care, rich or poor. Those who please may leave their babies to the hospital. I am a mother to them, until they find homes. While administering to the physical wants of these patients I strengthen them mentally, and they are not allowed to leave the hospital until they are strong. We often have unfortunate creatures who bring to us their fatherless children, to the door of the hospital; they ring the bell, leave them and go away. I am glad they bring them for we have room for them here. It is better for them to bring them here than to destroy them. After I have them a few days I give them to a country wet nurse, to raise them in the mountains, but I am the inspector and supervise that family."

"That is all very good," said the stranger. As they proceeded she resumed: "In the next room we have all the blind and sore-eyed patients. The disease of the eye is the most pitiful and painful. It is hard to treat them, as well as to cure them, and for that reason they are most of the time in pain. We have to be very careful

with the dieting, give food that is refreshing and soothing, like milk, nothing at all that could affect the nerves, and especially keep the room in constant darkness."

I could not tell you," said Marie, "any special method of treatment, because we have different theories, and each doctor has his own system."

"Now, there is one more room which is very interesting for you to see. All these long rows of beds that you see have typhoid cases. There are some of each, benign, mild and malignant natures. The mild is associated with the intermittent form. The benign goes through the regular course without danger, unless some carelessness of treatment complicates the case. The malignant runs its course up to 102, 103, 104 and the most of them are associated with complications, pneumonia, peritonitis, or some other disease.

"What is your best treatment?" said the stranger. "A little sulphate of quinine, some antiseptic for the digestive tract, regulation bath to reduce temperature, plenty of milk and good water, always sterilized, perfect cleanliness of the bedding. But, according to the chief, Dr. Shooll, sponge baths are very good; they cause less exposure, and keep the patient more quiet. The Major's statistics have improved greatly this year. (It was the year 1889.) We have reduced the mortality of these cases this year from thirty per cent to five per cent." What do you think the change is due to?" said the stranger.

"Fighting the temperature with sponge baths, nourishing the system slowly, at the same time, with plenty of good milk, nothing else." "That is good."

"Now, Monsieur, if you care to visit the operating room, follow me. Here is all we have in this tropical country, plain, large and light rooms for operating. Of course the institution is not rich enough to modernize the ideal of the doctor in chief, but we hope to improve a little as we go along."

"The next room is where I sleep. Near by my bed I have a bell that keeps me awake most of the time. It

is a merciless bell, which has no sympathies for my sleep," and the stranger laughed.

"Now, if Monsieur wishes to see the cupboard of my reservation, this is a cupboard brand full of provisions, good wine of all kinds, fruits, jelly, select cake, and nobody claimed the key to it."

"That is queer," said the gentleman.

"Well, I will tell you about it. The sister who is with me all day told me once that I had accumulated too many things, and it was against the rules to have such provision."

"Well, what do you get it for?" asked the stranger.

"If Monsieur only knew how many reasons that I have for it. Allow me to tell you. All the rich patients, in private rooms, are well provided with such good things, and some have too much altogether, and my excuse is this: I cannot leave it to their disposal, I keep it away from them for safe-keeping, of course, meanwhile giving the proportions of a prescription."

"Oh, that is a good thing," said the stranger.

"But if Monsieur wants to know about this I shall tell the truth. You are a stranger, anyhow. I have these provisions at my disposal for the poor patients who have no visitors, no friends, no relations to bring them anything and when my supply is low I am not a bit afraid to ask the rich visitor for more."

"Well, that is not a bad idea; and the rich people do not miss that either," said the stranger.

"No, they do not, sir. And this is the reason why we have an understanding with the sister in this ward that if any one asks us to visit the cupboard (the Cardinal, or the Superintendent come here often) we say we haven't got the key and not to make any lie of it we lock the door and keep the key hidden, putting it away in a secret spot, so, in fact, when we are telling that we haven't the key, we haven't got it."

"Oh, of course, you do not lie," said the stranger.

"No; if Monsieur wishes to taste the wine it is up to him. A little Madeira will not do you any harm. What is good for the sick might not harm you if it is

taken moderately. I am authorized to entertain the people who visit the institution, courteously, and this is a part of my courtesy. If there is any sin the Cardinal will forgive me for it."

The stranger tasted the wine and found it good. "I am sure this cannot do any harm to any one, especially those convalescent typhoid fever patients."

"Yes, I do put a little of it in the egg-nogg."

"Now will you please excuse me my long visit?"

"I appreciate the visit, particularly your explanations as well as the advice as to the care of the typhoid fever patients."

"I am sure it was a great pleasure to me." She said "good day" to him and he left the room. Marie did not escort him, but bade him goodbye and after he was gone thought to herself: "That was a very noble looking, refined and polite Frenchman, whoever he is," and never gave another thought to the visitor.

A few weeks after this, while Marie was performing her duties around the hospital, Major Shooll, the chief operator, approached, accompanied by a gentleman whom she immediately recognized to be the stranger whom she had shown through the hospital a few months before.

"Marie," said Major Shooll, "allow me to present to you the Major General Mangenon. Major, this is our Petite Marie, who has done so much for the patients in the hospital."

The Major General bowed, extending his hand, which Marie took, at the same time bowing respectfully and trying to hide her surprise and confusion. The Major General reassured her greatly by expressing his pleasure at meeting her again, and his approval of everything she had done. He turned and said to Major Shooll: "Major, do not allow her to do any more house-cleaning or whitewashing, such as she was doing before when I came, because her hands, like yours, are the best tools a doctor has."

The Major General then said he was going to make a report to the French Academy of Medicine, of those

who deserved reward and decoration, and Marie's name would be on the list. But Marie said:

"Oh, General, I beg of you to ignore me, for I am too young to be noticed and only beginning my career, but rather would I have you remember those faithful military doctors and missionaries, who have served the mission twenty years and thirty years."

"Well, then, you will receive something else, I shall have you appointed interne of the hospital. That will give you the full privilege of educating yourself for your future career."

Marie was overwhelmed, but she managed to say: "I thank you, General, I thank you for all your good intentions toward me, I will try to make myself worthy of the confidence you have placed in me."

A few days afterwards Marie received her appointment as interne of the hospital, and a number of the missionaries and doctors received the decoration of the Legion of Honor given by the French government.

CHAPTER VI.

FAREWELL TO CARTHAGE.

His Eminence, the Cardinal Lavigerie, great humanitarian and philanthropist of that country, was not influenced or controlled by any bigotry. His views were universal for the good of all living men, and his whole life proved it.

He would visit the hospital himself, fearing to be misled, as he knew human nature too well, would even taste of food prepared for the patients with my ugly spoon to make sure of it. Meanwhile he would give new suggestions for everything he saw fit. Do you wonder that this wonderful type of man could win the hearts of men?

In my last interview I thanked him for all his kindness and encouragement, also asking him for a substitute as soon as possible, as I was ailing. After a moment of silence this man of godly bearing said to me: "You may go as soon as you are able, and I wish you a prompt recovery, because your work is only beginning, but mine is almost done. Keep on in the way you have started. Fear not, for God is with you. Now, as to replacing you, you may go if you are replaced or not, for I think that you will never be replaced." I kissed his hand. He blessed me for the last time.

It was only a few months after this visit, the first day and the first week of November, 1892, that His Eminence, the Cardinal Lavigerie, passed away. He was buried in his own basilique, in St. Louis, Carthage, near the Convent of the White Fathers and the Convent of the Carmelite Sisters, where remarkable relics of the Pagan war are still to be found, art pieces, as well as beautiful paintings of the church prelates, warriors, and the Great King of France, St. Louis.

The beautiful basilique is built upon a rock on the

ruins of Carthage's world-famed library and other wonderful structures which were completely destroyed and from the loss of which the world will never recover.

I went to visit the Mother Superior before I left. The Mother had been often severe, but with all this I never feared. She expressed her regret at my leaving. I kissed her affectionately and she said: "Never mind, I could never forget you."

Once when she was very ill, and desperately in pain she could not bear or obey any doctor in town or let them care for her, so irritable was her condition. She now said: "When you came it made me laugh to think what you said: 'Dear Madam, you are no longer commanding here; you are no longer the Superior; you are a patient and you must obey the doctor, as you are too ill to decide anything and your resisting intensity will make matters worse.' I think for the first time of my life I trembled, and I feared your commanding voice, you looked so dreadful to me; it hurt me so when you dressed that wound, I could have slapped your face many times, but I didn't dare do it; this was the only time that you got me down and you brought me safely through, for that reason I will never forget you. If I have ever said anything to offend you, forgive me."

I embraced her once more for that. For she knew well what I could do and she said many times that I was capable to do almost anything well. I did not know exactly what she meant, but I went farther into the next room, the office, which was kept in first-class order by little Sister Juliette, almost sixty years of age, a very fine French lady who had come from a noble family to enlist there for life, and whose great ability kept her in the office. And that fine old lady with a lovely heart and brilliant mind never had much of a vacation or any recreation, but for many years I would pass by her office hurriedly dozens of times a day and would stop one or two minutes to make her

laugh with a little witty recitation or a verse of one of King David's Psalms, that she loved to hear. Somehow I had been the only person so far who could break her monotonous life. For this reason she loved me and always spoke a good word in my favor to those who came to pay their bills. Any small change that would be left there, perhaps daily, for me she would never mention until the last of the year, when she gave it to me. When she gave me the final account of all these past years she was pleased to see the amount of it, and I left her with a prayer and a good wish.

In the pharmacy Sister Vincent made pills from the first of January to the last of December, only disturbed by the doctor occasionally and oftentimes by the Sister of my department, Sister Thomcia Vey, and myself to ask for medicine and other necessities. Sometimes she would call us extravagant for demanding things seemingly impossible for the Institution to supply. Speaking all the languages required there, besides Greek and French, she was in demand in the sick room as an interpreter. Quite an old lady settled down to a regular routine, it seemed hard for her to understand why we were demanding so much, but she had a certain kind, obliging way through which we could generally get what we wanted. As I bade her farewell she dropped a mortar and came forward with many good wishes, telling me many things for my future advantage. Then Sister Thomcia fainted. I then had to remove my coat, roll up my sleeves and at once care for her until she had regained consciousness and felt comfortable.

It is almost impossible for me to describe that painful departure. These noble, loving women had struggled, suffered, disputed with me and for me. Sister Thomcia had served the sick for about thirty years in spite of her ill-health, that she had endured so long. When she saw she was about to lose the companionship of one who for so long had been her attached and faithful assistant, always willing to do everything in

her power for her, she was almost willing to die. Sister Vincent broke the silence laughingly and said:

"Well, well, that is nothing; you that served the soldiers in Egypt many years ago must be a soldier yet, the war is not over; this is the work of God for the betterment of your friend, perhaps, and if you love her you must be willing to make that sacrifice."

So we all cheered up and took the thing in a good spirit and concluded that a life of sacrifice, as well as love, was more to us and better than any selfish love that had ever been. Selfish love may be sweeter and tenderer but not so everlastingly solid as the love of sacrifice.

We must learn to stand on our own merits to prove ourselves strong enough, not only to live heroically but to learn to win the hearts and souls of men unselfishly, for we are only accessory to each other for the betterment of all, and I do feel that a selfish love would sully the brightness of the good deeds of the past, for selfish love brings regret and unselfish love brings glory and immortality.

As I was leaving the room I thought to see a certain man that you may have remembered, but he could not be found, his guilty soul would not allow him to appear; he was the one that had held prejudice against the innocent girl that came once, for the first time, in the hospital without being ill.

At the entrance of the hospital, as I was going to take the cab, a very distinguished looking, middle-aged man, brunette, with Vandyke beard, approached to bid me farewell. It was Dr. Bastille, a physician of great ability, one who as an operator would take service in the hospital only on the occasion of the chief's vacation, for he was the private physician of the Bey, the old retired king of that province. The memory I have of him is that of a peaceable man, courteous, with the delicate mind of a refined gentleman that lived alone, for many sad reasons.

On many occasions I was sent from the hospital

to take some medicine to some of our sick doctors. I remember once calling at Dr. Bastille's. I found him ill, lying carelessly half-dressed on the lounge. His valet seemed to have little ability to do anything for him, and I had no special instruction other than to leave some medicine for him and receive his orders for whatever he wished. To this day I have kept the rule given to me by Sister Thomcia, to never look a man in the eyes, but as I was about to leave the place I felt my head getting hot with indignation at his neglected condition. I rang for the valet and I told him I had been sent there by the officer to see if the doctor needed anything and if he would assist me we would see that he reached the bed, and he immediately protested and said he would do that himself. "Then, do it now, I am waiting." In a little while we got our patient comfortable in a large bed in the dining room, where there was sunlight and ventilation, and after I had left the instructions with the valet and left the room, I said to myself, "I have done this and I never looked him in the eyes." When I discovered that this intelligent and refined mind was suffering, my sympathy went out to him, but for many reasons I never returned to see him. But every time he came to the hospital to replace the chief he had my assiduous attention. He understood me well and I understood him, but life is oftentimes saturated with romantic visions that must be overcome by the human heart.

As I left the Régence I crossed L'Avenue de La Marie to visit the Archbishop Cassagnial. He wished me a continuation of my philanthropic work of humanity wherever I went. I said to this great, handsome, as well as wise man, that I would be very happy if my heart was not too much in love with my work. He replied:

"That is the forceful command of God to humanity, so don't fear."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CALL OF THE HUMANE LIFE.

Once I found myself in a desperate condition, with many wounded and dying, with no assistance. I spoke to God and said to him with my most earnest prayerful voice:

"Thou hast put me here among all this.

Thou wilt give me the courage to fight my way through it.

From this day my mind, my heart, my soul knows nothing of fear any more.

I have stood the pain until I feel no more.

I have been tested by fire until it burns no more;

I feel safe beyond the reach of my enemy."

From this on I would never shrink before any humiliating or unjust accusation, but faced everything courageously. The happiness of my soul was on a solid foundation calmly beyond worldly reach. My love for the struggle was my glory, the most delicious page of my life, a paradise of the soul.

I became ripe or mature to the great struggle of life; and my love became so broad I could no longer limit it or localize the flame. I could love the sufferers by the thousand; it was my heart's privilege and they were all mine. Having the same flesh, the same blood, the same pain, the same suffering, they were my children and my sufferers.

Near them I sat night and day to allay their wants and sufferings, until they would complain no more. They alone made my life worth living. There was no pain or tired feeling in waiting on them. It was the greatest joy of my heart, the very delight of my soul, the glory of glory, the only paradise that I ever knew, most delicious, pure and sweet.

I had found genuine happiness, known to few for its grandeur and its beauty.

I wanted no fame of any kind; they alone gave me all my consolation. They trusted me with all they had; they loved me as much as the human heart can love; they christened me the Royal Daughter of the People. They made me heiress of all their pain, their joy and knowledge and worthy confidence. They called me Sweetheart, the Angel Guardian of the Night of Despair; they wished they could live with me forever.

I have learned to love such sufferers as they are; they have won my very soul; I try to give them all they ask for, no matter the cost; I have given them forty years of my life; I have spared nothing from them to refresh them, to cheer them up. I want nothing in return; a compliment or an insult is the same to me.

I have helped them because they were helpless and alone. Their sinful companions had abandoned them, never to return. They were my sufferers, my prisoners. I was their guardian and I stayed with them until the last. I cared for their ailments; their sins were my sins; their disgrace my disgrace; their pain my pain; their tears my tears.

I feel all this in my bones; it pains me so, it makes me feverish at night, disturbs my sleep and keeps me awake.

Many of my patients told me how happy they were to be with me and blessed me until the last day of their lives, then died in my arms. I consoled them until the last hour, I shrouded them as neatly, tenderly, lovingly as a mother would do with her babe. I guarded them precious, as an angel guards the tomb, as safely as a guardsman guards his king; always gentle as a lamb by them I lay, and fearless as a lioness guarding her offspring.

Deep love for all sufferers is my human love command, that commands all things possible and things almost impossible. It is dreadful, powerful, it never says "No," or "I cannot do it." It never rests, never surrenders to any pain or torture of any kind until the pain is felt no more. It is a martyrdom that fears constantly

to never be able to do enough; it is the angel speaking to the human. My ears hear nothing else but a sweet musical tune as of an angelic orchestra and a human voice—for the angel alone could not do the work.

This love of humankind has no equal, no rival. It is more powerful than the lion and as gentle as an angel. Who can understand this feeling, so strong and powerful?

The poet, the writer, has told a great deal of it. The painter in all his coloring of all kinds of beautiful light could hardly express the feeling of it. Its beauty is so great, so supremely sweet, that nothing can express it; it is an everlasting burning flame of love beyond all the understanding.

This feeling alone can build forceful, masterful, fearless minds, to carry out the message of God unto the children of men.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VOLUNTEER FOR THE FRONT.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war I addressed the following letter to the nation's chief executive:

CHICAGO, February 14th, 1898.

To His Excellency, William McKinley, President of the United States.

I beg of you to forgive the liberty I am taking to write to you directly, in sympathy with the disaster of yesterday. My heart is with you, and mourning with you, and with all your people, for the terrible loss of your brave and noble sailors that have died martyrs through the fatal explosion of the Maine.

I am now a medical student in the Junior class, and could make myself useful by offering my services to our great Uncle Sam, to go to the front as a volunteer, and to care for all your wounded soldier boys, with all devotion and faithfulness.

I am perfectly fearless, and willing to assist you in all most perilous places, because I have nothing to lose or risk but my life.

I can be to them a devoted mother, a faithful nurse, and emergency doctor. I have many simple and valuable ways of doing so. If I come to you directly, it is because I dread the political red-tape, so forgive me this.

I am only your adopted daughter, but never mind. I know but little. I speak English poorly, still I can speak three other languages in emergency.

I am not too young nor too pretty. I am not a flirt, be sure of it, and lose no time in making myself attractive although I have all the faults of a loving woman, I am a little dignified, of a serious type; love simplicity above all things; know my place and keep it. I weigh 150 pounds; my height is four feet eleven and a half. My complexion is fair, that of a petite brunette with profuse, silky brown hair. I am a most perfect masterpiece of feminine build, plump, elastic as a glove, to fit

most anywhere with gracefulness in manner, with a healthy body. I belong to the strength of build of a Venus, with strong, quick, energetic and enduring physical force.

I am honorable, trustful and impartial. If there is anything you can trust me to do, I will give you my parole d'honneur. I love justice, and believe that men are all brothers, and equal,—for I love them on the same principle of the godlike. The wounded I will treat with most sacred devotion and courage.

I am sound in mind and body, strong as a lion and gentle as a dove. My flesh and bones, my heart may get hurt, but to revive as strong and elastic as ever. I have been crushed until they could crush me no more, but only to faint down for a short while, then to reinforce better and better all my strength, and to be vigorous as ever. This crushing is only the work of the Master, to mould me, perfect me, as you would do with the finishing cut of a gem. I am a winner from the hardship. I can profit by it most magnificently. It is for me the real and best tonic. Those who have crushed me down have done me more good than all my friends put together.

All their malicious doings have affected me less than water over a duck's back. It is refreshing! It is rich! It keeps me in trim, and in readiness for the emergency, and will equip me for the present and the future.

With all this I must not forget to tell you that I am completely immune from all diseases, for I have been poisoned many times. You can send me anywhere and as far off as you wish, especially to a tropical country where there is contagion, I fear absolutely nothing in this world, not even death; if she comes in my pathway I shall kiss her, and welcome her humbly, because she knows that souls are deathless, and that the world may pass forever, and still nothing will be destroyed; and souls meet again and again, to never die.

I have a very resourceful mind, always in readiness, and a self-confidence that is never shaken or discouraged, because all my vital forces and energies are burning gently by the divine flame that is never extinguished, for it has no doubtful feeling or weakness of any kind to be influenced by.

I can carry a message most secretly and safely, if you care to intrust me with the mission, I will fulfill it with sacredness and faithfulness beyond all doubt. I surely will return to you with the reply or you will find me dead.

I have certainly a most remarkable and sensitive faculty of touch, for surgical research of any wounds, can detect the very nature of them without sight, or in the deepest darkness of the night, in the field, with the additional sense of the smell. I can detect the source of the bleeding through arterial or venous coloring. By this I can classify the wound and trace the direction of the shot.

I have a tongue that is quite slick, an agreeable entertainer, without putting on, at least, but the most valuable part of it is this: I can use this wonderful scientific machine to detect the qualities of good or bad things to eat.

I feel almost sure and speak frankly, that if your soldier boys can eat and drink after my tongue's taste, few will become ill.

In case I get killed, lost or mutilated, please do remember the sketch I have described. Once more, notice this: A slight mark near my forehead over the left eye; a small mole at the right of the mouth, also my Roman nose. The smallpox marks I received in pestilential regions of Africa, where I was covered with scars and entirely blind for many months. While still convalescing and sitting in my wheel chair, unable to walk, for months after, I attended to the clinical patients daily.

Consequently, from this on, and until the war closes, I will be yours, if you command me. I will

serve you honorably and religiously. I will do all these things for you. I will serve you well, and with millions no one could buy me. If there is anything possible for me to do, I will do it without losing my dignity. I can dance, sing and whistle like a robin, pray like an angel, sing the sweetest tunes, to put patients to sleep peaceably so they may forget all their pains.

Forgive me if I speak so much of myself. It seems I could not help doing so. Only a few more words to tell you the color of my eyes: They are black brown in the day time, and shine brilliantly at night. They are deep, deeper than the sea; scrutinizing and penetrating into the darkness like the searchlight at night. They are searching everywhere in the world as well as in the four cornered cavity of the human heart. There is where I find the beginning of the sin worse than the sorrow and the pain of life.

What more can I do for these sufferers, but to encourage them and take them by the hand and to lead them in the best road, and say kindly to them: "Hush, hush, do not fear. Be courageous. Courage makes a man strong and keeps him growing towards the eternal life. If you stop to grow, you become weak, and lose all the possibility and power that was given to you to never return into your possession. But if you keep your strength, your work will be light and you will be proud of yourself and feel like doing more and more until you will be so strong that you will give out these same possibilities to others, to lead you on to perfection. So you may begin to feel the glorious life of paradise, in your own hearts. If you stop working for your betterment, you will starve to death, mentally and spiritually, and you must remember, at the same time, that we are only a parcel of the creation, that must live and share the honor of living for better and better and for the betterment of others. So do not fear, oh! my soul, be self reliant! For there is nothing to be feared, in the present or the future, for it is just as you make it."

I have already told you my personality is the simplicity of a good nature, without losing sight of the nobility and the dignity of my work. My love is broad and general, like the mother to a million of children, for I never had any time for a selfish love—it would absorb me and take me away from my noble mission, but my love is not one of these spasmodic, passing affairs that last one hour or one day. It is something more than that. It is firm, strong, durable, everlastingly great—if I do tell you this secretly. When I do love, I love more and more, until I grow desperate. It is on one principle, for the good of all, humanitarianism. It lasts, and I cannot be divided or fed with selfishness for one moment. It is impossible. There is no food for it, or encouragement, but one thing, and that is, to obey the powerful commanding voice of the Master.

Rejoicing together in such love, the heart and soul drink the same divine wine of glory, inspiring and tuning for the battle of life, working all over the human feelings and throughout the smallest fibers of the flesh—a love never personal, because it is divine.

Now I promise to you to save as many of your soldier boys as I can, because they are our own children and we must protect them, through all means possible, from the demons of war.

Let us treat them with kindness, not only to encourage them, but to teach them to be kind to each other and to hide each other's faults, for there is nothing better to prevent prejudice and to gain love for each other.

Yes, I will try all in my power to do my duty. It is almost impossible to tell you all else I could do, but of one thing I am sure and almost certain, no matter what may happen to me, you will never be ashamed of me.

I have the honor to remain, Mr. President, Your Excellency's most obedient

MARIE A. MICHEL.

It was some time in April of the same year that my credentials were returned from Washington through the Major General, Nicholas Senn, under whom I passed

an oral examination at the Sherman House before hundreds of women.

We were organized under charter and entitled the National Emergency Association of Physicians, Surgeons and Nurses. We elected Gertrude G. Willington, M. D., for our president; Dr. Topeka, treasurer; Dr. Armstrong, secretary; Dr. Imogene P. Netting, corresponding secretary. Dr. Mary Vincent and myself had charge of the recruiting office and drilling exercises, to prepare the nurses for the work of bandaging wounds and caring for the wounded on the battlefield.

The president examined all the credentials before a candidate would be accepted and submitted the name to Dr. Senn, who sent several accomplished physicians to lecture to the nurses on the general treatment of wounds by gunshot. Many of the nurses took part in the first expedition, well trained and well equipped, and the second expedition, to which I belonged was kept in readiness and expectation to go to the front, when we received the final notice of the closing of the war, after Santiago was captured.

Dr. Nicholas Senn, teacher of clinical operating at the County Hospital, had been one of my teachers, and he had examined me many times on surgical work, also Dr. J. B. Murphy. When they examined me again to go to the front they thought I was perfectly equipped for such a work.

How I happened to know all these masters was through my introduction from the famous Professor Crozat, who recommended me to Professor Bernard Arnulphy, who introduced me personally to the President of Hahnemann Faculty of Medicine, Dr. Ray Ludlam, who was my first preceptor in Chicago. Under Dr. Ludlam I worked and studied, assisting him in the department of diseases of women at the Hahnemann Hospital for more than two years, almost up to the time he died. This great and generous physician understood me and many times said that he wished me to stay in his college permanently, and he taught me much until he died, to the regret of all students.

Book II.

A Lost Life Story and a Fight.

CHAPTER I.

SOCIETY IN INQUIRY AND JUDGMENT.

On the 17th day of October, 1904, the Longton paper, edited by Lawrence Hall, officially announced the return of the Mayor of Longton and his wife from the St. Louis World's Fair.

The paper also gave the public particulars of Mrs. Marie M. Flayk's medical qualifications, with the weekly announcement of the social and professional functions given by the first lady of the town. It was but a short time before that Mrs. Flayk had won the confidence of the people and gained a general popularity, both for her agreeable personality and her ability.

Somehow, everything good that was said about her seemed to arouse some jealous feelings in her husband's mind; these grew stronger and stronger. She was not to blame if people liked her and appreciated her services. She was not seeking any notoriety, but modesty avoiding it. No matter what might happen, she kept up her professional and social engagements, for the welfare of the people, for Mrs. Flayk knew, above all things, that she was a servant of the people. Jealousy, obstinacy and *narrow mindedness* could not hurt her. And at her entertainments she would appear just as cheerful as ever. The people could not detect in her manner and bearing any trace of the infamous treatment she was receiving at home. But her social perplexity there could not be defined; she would hear what the people were saying at her social parties, that if they had her ability and her talent, they would not stand for what she stood, and some of them would say:

"How can she love him—a miser!"

Another would say; "How did he trap her, anyhow, poor thing, poor thing! If she only knew."

"Let her find out, it is no use," said another.

"Well, it is too bad to not see her happy. Still, she ought to be, she has everything money can buy, with her own money."

"There is where the trouble begins. She makes too much of it and is too good, too true, too lovable, maybe, and if you make a compliment to her husband about her, he will grow mad. Some one told me it is because she is getting too popular, and the people like her too much."

"Is it so because she is new in town?"

"No, no, it is because she is a woman."

"I don't think it is that either," commented another acute observer, "I think it is just because she is French, and has those little polite French ways. Somehow the people like it. She don't give very much of the drugs, either. They say she has a new up-to-date way of doctoring the people with a different way of dieting, on beef extract, broth, such dainty little soups, you know, and when I need her I will send for her."

"I think her simple way is the best for everybody."

"I don't think she has any knowledge of the conspiracy that they are planning against her. Her maid may tell her later." "I hope she will."

Mrs. Flayk made very fine bread, but some one was giving compliments to Ida, telling her how nice she could make bread. Ida laughed and said, "It is Mrs. Flayk's bread." Her husband and his children each cried,

"If I had known it, I would never have eaten it."

The same thing with the soup.

"How fine that soup is, Ida. Bring me some more."

Ida returned laughingly with another bowl of soup.

"What are you laughing about Ida?"

"You are making me laugh, not the soup."

"This soup was made by Mrs. Flayk."

"Is that so? Then I don't want it any more."

That is the way they did all the time, to make things disagreeable. But Mrs. Flayk didn't mind. She only laughed over it.

Another day a lady made a social call on Mrs.

Flayk, not entirely for pleasure, but to inform her of some of the things that were occurring around her.

(Enter Mrs. Daly :) "How do you do, Mrs. Flayk, I came to have a nice little talk with you. I hear every day, every day, something about you in the town, that you are not happy. Not only that, but that there is some kind of a plot that will endanger your life. And everybody fears that you will be a victim of a tragedy if you do not leave the town. Our minister likes you very much, and he is strongly in sympathy with you. He said 'Mrs. Flayk does not belong to our denomination, still she supports all churches, and is kind to us, even if she is not a member, she is with us every time when we need her. I cannot understand why there is so much talk and threatening about this little woman. Of course there are cases where goodness is not reciprocated, and her case seems to be one of a similar kind. Still, she is not pretentious; she does good to everybody. It is a puzzle to me, to hear so much confliction about her!' Now, you see Mrs. Flayk, I am telling you these things secretly. Everybody likes you; no one wants to see you hurt. Of course it is not my business to advise you."

Mrs. Flayk was silent, almost incapable of speaking. At last she broke the silence, to try and explain herself.

"Mrs. Daly, I make it my business to keep away from notoriety and publicity as much as I can. I dread it, but still there is a time when suggestions are very good, particularly from a good friend like you, but society people care little or nothing for other people's pain, unless there is a slight element of curiosity in it."

"Do you know, Mrs. Daly, that nothing is lost, not even our own thought? And if it is bad, it breeds badness, entertains it and feeds it. This is the divine law, that never fails to do justice according to our own doing, so fear nothing. Mrs. Daly, in regard to my sad experience in matrimony I would like you to think for a moment of these schemers of men who are trying

to get wives, because they are cheaper than to pay servants, perhaps, also, from a mercenary motive extort money to carry out their political or other ambitions.

"It is horrid," said Mrs. Daly.

Continued Mrs. Flayk: "You are a happy woman—nice little family, good and kind husband, plenty of everything. Don't think of trouble, it will make you sad, may create wrinkles in your face. Keep young, take good care of yourself, dress well, if you have the time, keep cheerful, agreeable with everybody, no matter what they may say. There is enough of poor, obscure martyrdom, under the tyranny of worthless people."

"Well, by the way Mrs. Flayk, give me an idea in the way of dressing hygienically," said Mrs. Daly, to divert the mind of her hostess into its favorite channel.

"Well, now, that is a matter of taste, of course, but the most advisable thing for a woman of means is to dress light, rich, with valuable goods, and the most desirable is the lightness of the weight in clothing, and the dustless materials, that do not carry germs at home, into your nursery. Veiling, crepe, tulle, netting and light lace and silk, are very dustless. Veiling can be worn in the winter, with rich fur. It is cleaner, a ventilator, dustless and tireless. Of course, for the house, washable goods are preferable, and are very desirable to decrease the army of germs that we carry unconsciously and involuntarily from place to place."

CHAPTER II.

A PARTI-COLORED SOLILOQUY.

When Mrs. Flayk was alone, her visitors having all gone away, she mused as follows:

"I am so glad that the day is over with the society people. It is dreadful the way we have to live and keep going. I left a big city to come to the country, to be away from city life, but now I am here, it is the same thing over. I do not want any prominence, or any society. If I had known that he was rich, and the mayor of this town, I should have never married. How much more pleasant it was for me to go and visit my poor unfortunates, my institutions, the asylum, the school, and hospitals and even the prison, where I could encourage, help and uplift people. A good book to one, a flower for another. It is too late, too late to wait until they are all dead, to give them flowers, and my plain dress is more becoming to me than the tight-fitting gown gotten up for the grand occasion, with beauty all around, where we may look in the people's eyes, and see nothing else but envy and jealousy. No, I care not for this. I have no appetite for it. No time. I might just as well have an insult as a compliment. It means the same thing. He told me that I was true as steel, sweet and lovable, and that was my only curse. Let it be a curse if you will, but I can appreciate nothing but the truth. To live for it, and die for it. But every time I restrain my patience it means more self control for me.

"Oh, I am so tired, so lonesome! I feel as if I had drank champagne for a month. As I look in the looking-glass, I say: 'Well, this is not yourself.' My face looked horrible. "Am I dreaming or am I in pain, or am I only a neglected and tortured wife? Oh no, it must be the social way of living. How foolish and silly I look after a sleepless night of entertainment, de-

voted to people who have no purpose in life whatever. Horrors! Horrors! What would Boileau say to see so many fools passing before his looking-glass, as I see them? Here they are, going one by one, and this worries me, tortures me. But I am dreaming. I am pale, dispirited. My face is the face of martyrdom, found only in the dungeons of old Rome.

"Is this the face of the granddaughter of the famous and noble soldier of Napoleon? Is this the face of the sweetheart of my brave beloved warrior? Is this the heroine of the pestilential African region? Is it the face of the daughter of my darling father. No, no, it cannot be possible.

"Feverishly, tremblingly, through this looking-glass of human life, I see my social friends passing by, looking beautiful and well dressed, for parade day: their smiles are not true smiles, their expressions are false. How can I bear and see that! It is horrible."

"You have an attack of short-sightedness," she said to her reflection. "It hurts me. Give me a truthful smile, or keep it all for yourself. You are a conventional machine just run down. You are suffering from inefficiency. It is a pity. I feel so dreadful about your ailment. Leave all this and treat yourself, I advise you, because you don't know me, but I know you, and I love you just the way you are, because you are a victim of your own sins. You are suffering for them. There is no pardon but one. Suffering! Suffering! You are breaking the laws of nature, and nature will break you."

"Oh, how bad I feel for these sufferers, when I see them pass by. I see the vicious and the fiend, going to the insane asylum; I see the briber, the perjurer and the forger of bank certificates, going to the penitentiary. Stop this! Stop this! You are sinning against yourselves, yourselves alone must suffer for it. Look and see. Stop to think. I am pleading. I am weeping for you all. I hear in one dark corner some one weeping bitterly for you, and it hurts me, it keeps me awake.

Fool, fool, can you not learn the lesson of the simpler life?

"How can the society world win my soul and my heart, when it is lacking of my necessary food? I long for other things, more nourishing and substantial to me, sweeter, more precious to the heart. I could carry myself as her ladyship, with dignity, as queenly as any queen of the land, that mortal ever bowed allegiance to. I could use the most perfect expression and language that any one need wish to see, but my ear cannot bear the selfish talk, nor my eye the false smiles. Amid all this horrible untruthfulness, there is no paradise for me. The society world cannot give it. My feelings are too strong to express. They are too great, too sweet. Love for the good alone is my paradise. It would take great Shakespeare, or gentle Longfellow, or Victor Hugo to tell the strong feeling of my heart for humanity? Could Michael Angelo paint that burning and powerful feeling of my soul that keeps me alive? It is my light! It is my life! It is my God! All the rest is nothing, nothing."

The thoughts of Mrs. Flayk were turned again to personal wrongs, personal feelings, and the warnings that she had received from her friends. The soliloquy continued:

"I am aware of all these plans and of the people whom he could employ to ruin my character, if I refused to do what he wanted me to do. He told me my favor was due to his name, but he will take his name from me; he will tear down my character until everybody will hate me, both socially and professionally. 'Then what will you do? I shall take everything away from you; all your opportunities, unless you give me a decree, and I will ruin you.'

"To this argument I simply smiled. 'How could the people believe, and how could any one destroy and ruin my character, that has stood so high and so long and has been tested by the burning test of fire?'

No, no. Life is too short. I have too much to do. I am too much in love with the good and the sweet things of life that are worth living, to waste in arguing. Dare touch my character, I shall vindicate myself with honor. I am in need of nothing. No rich man, either; and I care for all my sick patients without anything that you may use today. I am a creatrice of all my necessary and emergency tools. Have I not electricity? Have I not mental science? Have I not the hydro-therapeutics as well as electro-therapeutics, and again masso-therapeutics. And how about practical psychological therapeutics and the kindness, the sunshine, the feeling, the touch, the vibration of that powerful life in me, my Master, that commands, that inspires and guides me, that never fails me, if all the rest do?

"No demon from hell, no man on earth, no angel in heaven, can part me from Him. He is my life, associate and companion. He is my counsellor. He warms me when I am cold. He enlightens me in the dark. His tender love commands me and I obey. It is sweet, encouraging to obey Him. He gives me powerful courage, and fearless as I am, going without any doubt, without any more longing and searching for another. You may look for a God in vain through the Book of Man, but I have got Him. He is my Master, and my divine. He burns me constantly in the sacrifice of life, for the good of all, and His fiery love, His powerful flame, that never consumes, only burns more and more. It is powerfully sweet. It hurts, but never dies out. It is love in itself, it is speaking clearly, and I understand His Voice. It is the joy of my joy.

"His companionship is the inspiration of a life of praise, love and humanitarianism, from my very heart. It is sweet to my soul, and has no equal.

"So you can rob me of everything I have, but you cannot rob me of the companion of my heart, who has escorted me everywhere in the sick room. He filled me up with good thoughts. I am not hungry for

your food. He makes me drunk with good wine. Most joyfully do I sing with Him a psalm of praise for the Creation. With Him I have no room for wrong in my heart, or no hatred; there is no food for it, and it cannot live. It must vanish or die out.

"All my enemies, conspirators, traitors, can gather all their malice, and invent all the torture. I shall defy them. What is all this to you poor, worthless, helpless humans! You are feeding yourselves, your hearts, your souls, with malice against your fellowmen. How can you stop to think long enough for the good, to make life worth living, when you conceive in your very heart nothing else but infamous threatening? You are breeding for yourselves nothing else but misery, and the poison that you prepare for those you hate will be for yourselves, and the grave you dig to bury your victim in will be for you.

"No. You may have ten plans to ruin and destroy my life, but I have a hundred scientific ways I can employ to defend myself if I want to do so; but I have better and still more resourceful things of kindness unknown by you, and that will never be known, if you had all the universities put together, to teach you, because I am the Truth, and you are the Lie! And you know in the bottom of your heart that it is so. Would I revenge myself like a weak woman, or a brutal man, that kills? This is not smart! Any wicked brute can do that! Any fool, any idiot can do that. But I have better things yet. I have the simplest, the plainest knowledge of honesty, that knows how to analyze the good, the wrong and the worthless: Charity is in the heart alone! Virtue is Honor. Justice? There is none, but Time. Time will give me justice and will shame you down. But I have courage. I will stand all blame, all the distress, and I will weep for you, because I have more to give, and more still."

"My courage never surrenders to any pain, but will defy you. It is my inheritance. It is my faith, my hope and charity, that will be the winner."

CHAPTER III.

CRUCIAL EXPERIENCES.

He has broken my heart! Bruised my flesh, and
Twisted my bond;
His face shall blush for shame! His eyes weep
Over my tomb!
Accusing him of nothing else but the Truth
As if I were with Thee,
Or, descending to my own grave, and stepping
Over my eternity,—to see.
Alas! This is not a dream! No! Only the truth!
The pale Angel of the Truth sighs with grief.

Nine months after my tortuous hardships, besides the hard country practice, full of exposure and danger. I have had to keep up also with what we call social as well as official entertainments, as some would call the privileges of the first lady of the town. With all this of course I have had to treat everybody with great care, respect and courtesy, being surrounded by the best people there, who always showed to me their love, respect and friendship, until the day I left. I fulfilled my position to the best of my ability, both personally and professionally. It was almost a surprise to myself to see how much I could keep up, with all the surrounding circumstances that confronted me, and this was a matter of comment with all my friends and acquaintances, that I was able to stand it so well, and always ready for emergencies. But soon my health began to decline, my endurance to give way under the strain of notoriety. I knew this thing I had been told that I should be shamed down, and slandered before the people, so as to destroy my popularity, but I wanted to keep all things from notoriety, and I stood it bravely, energetically and heroically, before I could surrender to such pain as to confess my persecutions

from a tyrant, and to confess all the details of it, minutely, to these friends and associates.

It was horrible and painful but I bore it all secretly, patiently. I stood it all for fourteen months. They were thinking they might have me some day in a mad-house, but they failed, and when they saw my strength, they began to accuse me of being too strong. My torture was winning the confidence and friendship of the people in spite of all.

Every little while I became ill, without being able to account for it, until I finally concluded that the food and the drink in my own home was dangerous. I would detect some uncomfortable feeling immediately after eating.

Often in the house they would say to me, "It is too bad. You didn't have quite enough." I could only smile at them, and say to them, "I shall defy you yet. You will not succeed. I shall live through your persecution. I shall live my life. You shall not ruin it. I shall smile at your failure to do so."

I kept silent but I was compelled to give up my work for several weeks on account of this. As soon as I was better of this and feeling cheerful again, I was attacked again, to my surprise, when I was pumping water. The same staggering man came and slyly approached without me seeing him and he struck me one horrible blow on the top of the head. I screamed "murder," and the people who heard me in the house closed the door, so as to not hear my moans. I became deaf, blind, dizzy, then senseless. I could not tell how long I stayed there, but I became conscious of the presence of a dog, that was licking the blood off my face.

Nothing could be compared with that shock. My limbs refused to support me for several weeks. I dragged myself like a wounded beast, with tremors, from place to place. Patients would come into my bedroom, for no one would wait on me, but having no protection, the patients would still come into my room, and the days I felt better I would sit up awhile in my bed, and I would prescribe for them, and they would

bring things for me that I needed. As soon as I was able to stand up, I wrote all the facts to my attorney, Mr. T. A. Ayers, who sent me a note advising me to leave the place at once. I had stood my ground bravely at every inch and now it was compulsory for me to leave. One of my kind neighbors, Nannie Mackaye, found a quiet place for me to be cared for by some one down at Oaks Falls, so I was there from July 12th until August 27th. I was kept in bed with fever and delirium the most of the time with ice packed to my head, as if I had fever. I returned to Lonton, after my recovery, and furnished my office in Pitt's house, one block east from the house of the postmaster, A. B. Mackaye, where I lived and boarded.

An enemy followed me everywhere, especially at night, from place to place, telling me if I didn't leave the town soon, I should have to die, and die miserably, and "If I can't do it myself, I will send one of my political friends to do it." I told him more than once, that I was in town every day.

Once when I had been in the country the night before, I had told my maid, Violet, to sit in the garden and watch, so that no visitor might disturb me for the afternoon, as I had to go again. Just as soon as I was lying down, closing my eyes for a short while, I suddenly saw a thief bursting my screen, and getting into my room, and he grabbed my jewelry like a mad man, and tore off everything from me, grabbing me madly. I screamed, "Coward, thief, robber, murderer." No one came to my rescue. It seemed that everyone in that town was afraid of that man, but me. I said to him:

"Why do you come here to rob me in the broad daylight? I should have given you all this jewelry and brass. I have need of none of the brass buttons or pearls. These ornaments are for a dog collar. A gentlewoman of energy can live without them, but you need them for your next victim. Traitor! Hunter of prey! Go! Go!"

After fourteen months of persecution I had almost

consumed all my mental forces in resisting peaceably my persecutors. I felt as if I had lived three hundred years, and was just returning from the land of Mischievousness, with threatening and curses ringing in my ears. It was hideous, horrible.

I still did not lose confidence in human nature. I felt even more firm and strong and determined. It seemed that the Master had built me for this, so that I could stand all pain, difficulty, even torture. The inhuman treatment made me tremble and shiver, with a chilly sensation, but after that peculiar feeling passed the pain seemed to be anaesthetized, my soul had abandoned somehow the feeling of indignation, and I felt much stronger, I had only a feeling of pity for my persecutor, my courage was fearless and daring, ready to endure more.

Kindness alone is my paradise.

Courage is my Glory!

Truth is my authority, my four cardinal points of life. My faith, my immortality, and eternity is chained by it. I shall not be broken by any malicious tongue.

My heart shall forgive them all. They can steal everything

I have from me, and I shall sing for them a prayer,
Because they are in need.

They can call me worthless, for worthless I am.

But of my worth, and usefulness, let Him be the judge.

CHAPTER IV.

THREE MALES IN A PLOT.

Three men were heard plotting. The oldest spoke to the two younger in an undertone.

"She is making all the money, and somehow I will have to get rid of her.

"The first thing to do will be to make things very hard for her, so as to worry her out, until she either has to leave or die.

"I will not allow another doctor to have any honor or credit in this town, as I will get them out through my political influence. For thirty years I have driven every doctor away from here.

"Now, we must crush her. We must torture her harder and harder, until she gives in. Day after day, one after the other, we must scare her good; threaten her, curse her until we shame her out, and if she breaks down it will be still easier."

One of the lads said: "If you do all this will she bring us any trouble?"

"Nothing of the kind. Have I not my political pull? A politician can do anything. I am the authority here, and have the rest of the authorities under my control. What have I to fear?

"I have the confidence of the people! My word goes far! And they will believe me. I mean to attack her character, both personally and professionally, and soon she will become friendless, helpless and defenseless.

"Have I not hundreds of messengers to my command to swear anything we wish them to?

"I am sure of the majority of votes from the commissioner to help me out to persecute her.

"If she does not like it let her go to law. There is no law to fear about it! The law is only to crush the poor, weak and the ignorant.

"I may soon be able to show you that this is the truth, if I could get into the legislature.

"I can prove to you that a rich man can buy anything.

"Once this plan is well established I shall destroy all her credentials, and tell everybody that she has none, and never had any.

"She will lose the confidence of the people and will become penniless. She will be at my mercy. Think what some people said the other day in my office. They said that they were simply in love with her, and that she was the best doctor that ever struck the town. Do you think I will stand for that and pass for a fool? She is bright, but I shall turn her light down low. She will try to resist, but my power is great. She will have to surrender or suffer for it.

"She is proud, but her pride will be shrouded in shame. One of the lads said: "What will you say about her to cause her shame?"

"I will tell my friends anything. That she has abandoned all her family to marry me for my money. The people will be horrified and believe it all."

The lad said: "Is it true?"

"True or not, what do I care, provided I gain my purpose."

"Did you ever give her any money?" asked the lad.

"No, what should I give her money for? She is making more than I do, and this is the main reason why I want to get her out of the way. She is getting rich and we are getting poor.

"To get rid of a woman is easy. You know a woman is not influential in politics. She cannot stand much oppression, and as soon as she finds that the people have become cool and regardless of her she will feel humiliated and grieved that it may kill her.

"If all these things fail to be satisfactory I will bring other things still before the commissioner that will give her a final and deadly blow.

"I will revenge myself and she shall never know how it is done. I shall drive her mad, yes, to the mad-house, desperately, into her own grave, and there will be no chance for her to escape me anywhere.

"I can do it. I can carry through all these plans safely. I will be happy to see her punished.

"I feel comfortable to think of it.

"I shall laugh over her distress, and rejoice over her pain. She is firm and determined, and planning to go to Topeka to see the governor."

The oldest lad said to him: "You must execute your plan quickly and persecute her to the extent of the law. I will help you to press harder and harder before she will see the governor or get any money from us."

"I have got three women to help me out. They are friends of mine and will follow my instructions. I have got another man in the depot to inform me if any package comes, and I am on the track of one of her attorneys in Kansas City, by the name of Sawyer. He will get some documents in his possession, and I will see what I can do with him! I may be able to get these documents from him and she will never know what has become of them. I guess I know my business. But I will get a copy of them first and then destroy them. As soon as she is without credence and a license, and I have got these papers in my possession she shall have to surrender and gladly accept my proposals; then she may get her papers but not otherwise.

"That man Sawyer is a very good sort of a man, and if she stays here much longer I will have her arrested for having no license. I will put some friend of mine from Grenola after her. He will scare her and fine her. Later on I will find some charge against her to keep her in prison as long as I wish. I have the authority of the mayor of this place and I will take all advantage of it. I may never be mayor again."

And they all arose and laughed very heartily over the future success of their plan.

The servant that heard the plot said to herself:

"They said she has nothing! Still the woman that produces so many hundreds of dollars a month with her head, must have some kind of capital, somewhere!

"But I will do something. I am going to tell it all to her as soon as she returns from the country."

CHAPTER V.

WARNING AND DEFIANCE.

"Good morning, Mrs. Flayk," said Ida. "How are you feeling this morning?"

"I think I was dreaming."

"Well," she said, as she sat down, "do you care for any breakfast, or are you still thinking your troubles over? I said that because I think that you love trouble, but that won't do for me. No more of this. I will not live here with you for all the money I need. I can't sleep at nights any more, I am so worried about hearing things and whisperings in this house. Do you never hear any ghosts in the night?"

"No, and never did."

"Well, my ears are full of those grumbly voices, cursing voices and threatening voices; you are lucky if you do sleep and not hear them. As for me, I am going to leave you as soon as I can. I have enough trouble of my own not to see others in misery."

"Well, Ida, I think you are dreaming. You have had the nightmare. You are tired, depressed, and not feeling well. Do your work more quickly and retire and have some sleep. It will make you better."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" she said. "Who on earth can sleep in this house? There is no use trying. I tried before. In the daytime sometimes. I will lay down a little while in the afternoon, and very soon hear the knocking at the office door, the dining room and the kitchen door. They never give up; they never go, but keep looking around for more doors, and sometimes I just think it is dreadful.

"They sit there in the parlor or in the dining room until there are no more chairs to sit on. But I don't mind that, I will go and sit in the garden until they are good and tired of waiting for you to return from the country. Some leave a message here and there. Of

course you know the rest. If this message is not delivered to you, it is not my fault."

"Now, Ida, you must not get sour. You are young and pretty, and you will soon get married."

"Oh, dear! oh dear!" she said, "Have I not before me the most horrible lesson? And when I see him it seems to me they all look alike."

"Never mind, Ida, there are a great many good men. What would become of us if we didn't have good men to protect us, to encourage us, to build life again and again, for better and better? Call them scarce if you want to, but there are a good many, and we must not grieve, but face the circumstances as they are. Don't tremble, don't fear; we will go away from here."

"Yes," she said, "those people are plotting against you. He is going to try and destroy you. I could not help hearing what they said. I will tell it to you."

And the maid told the story of the plot, as she had heard it from the lips of the plotters.

"Now, I have told you all things and warned you, and I am thoroughly disgusted. I was told not to obey you, not to serve you; if you wanted anything you could get up and get it yourself. But I do not care for them. I am going to do my best. You have always treated me like a good, kind mistress. I have told everyone in town what you were, and I am not afraid to tell. But now I am going to get you some breakfast."

"Well, let us laugh over all this foolishness and this threatenng. Let us be strong. I won't mind anything about my reputation. Women alone have reputation and I am not in need of it. It is too late to ruin my reputation, dear. I have stood the test for forty years and can defy all my enemies."

"But let us not be sad about this. You must not judge the world by a few malignant persons; no, no. This glorious world is full of good men and women, my dear child. You cannot judge the world by poor specimens of humanity who have never seen anything or learned anything. But we must rise from these poor surroundings, this essence of selfishness. You must be generous

if you want the world to be generous with you. You must be more trustful of human nature if you wish to be trusted. Do not feel despondent, there is plenty of good left in the world. The goodness of man is like the leaven in the mother's bread; it penetrates and its influence is felt throughout the entire world.

"From the cradle down to the grave this is the song of life; where man toils God is; man and God working together through the physical and spiritual life; where man is God is."

Ida, returning with the breakfast in a few minutes, laying same on the table, seated herself near by me.

"Now, it seems dreadful, but I have got to tell you. Just as soon as I left the room to call up your driver, as you told me this morning, I found the telephone all disconnected. I could not speak to anyone, but I sent a message just the same, and he will be here in an hour with his best team.

"That is not all. I looked for your case, that you carry in the country, to bring to you, but cannot find it. Someone must have hidden it. And, what do you think? I tried to get into the drug room—all locked up. Dear me. What are they going to do next?"

"Ha, ha, ha, too late for them to do it. I have all I need. Ida, don't worry. I have provided everything. Ah, I know all about his plotting. He came to me and tried to force me to settle. He said: 'Madame, will you come to my agreement?' 'Sir,' I said, 'I have nothing more to say. I refer you to my attorney, Mr. Ayers.' 'Madame, you will rue this hour.' And he turned away and left me. Evidently he was much chagrined because he did not get a settlement from me."

"Well, one advice I would like to give you before you go into the country today. Do not stay late at night."

"Do you mean I am afraid to go into the country to meet the wolf? Martin can kill him."

"Well, well, I just said that," she said, "so you will be careful to not meet with an accident."

"You can't scare me; I have been threatened so long that I shall be killed and murdered that I am not afraid

to die, and I tell you that truthfully. This is true. They may scare everybody in town, and you, poor girl, but they can't do that to me. Oh, if I could tell you things, I could tell you how one could be killed through fright, and they tried to kill me through fright. Some day I will be able to make this clear before the world, for I am a woman of honor, and I won't rest in earth or heaven until I receive and prove my vindication from all this blackmailing and point out my enemies, one by one, with my own sword.

Said Ida: "I am not telling you this because I fear altogether you will be killed, but an accident, a runaway, may come any time, like you had, for instance, a few weeks ago, when you crossed the track and you were pulled out from under the wheel of the engine. You had a close call, and if this young man, Mr. Richardson, had not the presence of mind to pull you out you would have been ground up. Well, you have made him some return for his deed. The people say that you have cured his sister."

"Oh yes, by the way. They took me down that very day, never stopped to think of anything. Finally I found myself somehow in the train, and some one was giving me something to drink, to revive me, when I laughed and said to them, 'Why, I am not hurt, I am going on a sick call.' We had a wreck, of course, but we took the train and got there quicker. So you see misfortune sometimes brings good; so evil does sometimes bring good. It was all for the best; I was not to die, either. We must trust and keep on trusting if we want to be trusted.

"I am going to take a little trip next week to Topeka, and I will bring you something nice. Stay with me a little longer, but try to keep the secret until I return. I think it would be wise for you to tell no one where I am going."

"If you go there," said Ida, "you will be spotted. Someone is going to keep an eye on you very closely. I just heard yesterday that if you could get good

and sick and die here you would be buried in Potter's field."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, now I have told you all. You must get away, where your life is not in danger, where you will be protected and cared for. I do not like to see you so miserable. I am going away, but before I go I want to see you safe. Go away with me. I am fearing for you. It keeps me constantly on the watch, and anxious and restless."

"Well, I will retire to Elk Falls, where I will stay until I feel better, as soon as I can settle up my business. Then I will go with you and pay your trip to the Springs in Arkansas."

"Well, now I will depend upon your word, I will make no change until you are ready."

"Here is the driver."

"Well, then, I go. I will be gone for the day. I am going to Oak Valley and Bisbee, as I am needed there badly. It will take all day. No use keeping any one waiting. Tell them to return tomorrow. I will be home."

CHAPTER VI.

A DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY.

"Now, Martin, you may have your own way in driving this time, only be careful to have no runaway. I am going to sleep awhile. Go directly to Bisbee first. There is where my sick child is and I must call on him first. Then we will return to Oak Valley, from there to the Five-Mile House, then the Three-Mile House, and then the little house near the bridge. I have a very nice little girl there, sick with typhoid fever.

"Get you a meal at Bisbee, feed your horse and charge it to me. Not another word. I have got to think of these people and their condition."

After a half hour the driver said:

"Well, Mrs. Flayk, I see you are not looking as well as you used to. What is the trouble? You better take more sleep and doctor yourself up."

"Oh well, Martin, you must not expect that from a country physician. All his time is for his patients; and always returning home to find a cold meal, maybe a cold house. But I do not know, Martin, if I will ever pass another winter here."

"Why is that? You are a happy woman, making all the money you want. Are those people paying you where you go?"

"Of course, some of them are a little slow, but they all pay when the crop comes. The farmer is honest, and he pays his bills. He is the most happy man on earth; better off than those who live in the city, crowded in the settlement houses, buying cheap meats to make both ends meet and exposing themselves to all kinds of disease, and starving the most of the time, working possibly only one or two weeks in a month. Ah, Martin, you don't know how the people suffer in the big cities. If I was Uncle Sam I would give lots of land and distribute

it to those who wished to work it, and I would give encouragement to every specimen of their production."

"That would be nice. And what else would you do?"

"I would build a great big school in the middle of the colony and a chapel for the national worshippers, and you would see all these poor people and the children grow stronger and smarter, good and kind. This is the only way to build and cultivate the people. Simplicity all around, with plenty of good, wholesome food. That is what makes the great man, the country life. It is this life that has brought up the great American men, the flower of the nation, such as our great presidents, Washington and Lincoln.

"There is much valuable soil, worth millions and millions of dollars, in the West. If it could be irrigated and fertilized by human ingenuity, millions of people could be supplied with plenty, they could be happy and comfortable. It would be a help and improvement to the human race. It would open up the greatest world's market, and add wonderfully to the wealth of the country.

"Yes, Martin, the farmers are much happier than the city people. I am not speaking of the rich, of course—these have their country homes—but only of the poor families. If you ever visit a big city visit the tenement house. You will see large families crowded in little rooms, because the rent is cheaper; they live on the poorest foods, vegetables, meats only fit for the dog. They buy because it is cheap, and they bring home diseases of all kinds. There is the chief peril of the poor. You have heard sometimes people say they would love to go on a mission to China—but we have a big mission right here if our philanthropists would investigate. The people are slowly starving in the cities for good food. The farmers have this good food in plenty. They can raise enough to supply this great country with plenty, and in many of the rich fruit districts of the country the fruit is wasting on the ground that some poor little children in the city would welcome with joy. Why is this? Because it seems to be the desire and the tendency of

the railroads and the large corporations to limit the supply and to make the transportation so high that the farmers cannot deliver the food to the people that the people need. These monopolies say to themselves: 'Oh, well, no matter about the price, the people will have to live. They will pay it. We will make the food scarce and we will get double prices. The people must buy or the people must die.'

"They, in their selfishness, do not realize that when they are depriving the poor of this nourishing food the people really do not live; they merely exist. Their life's energies, by these privations, are sapped away, and slowly and gradually they pass away or degenerate.

"Yes, these people are suffering in many ways. I tell you if I were mayor of a big city I would clean the place on short notice. Think, once I had the pleasure of assisting the health inspector in one of those big places. We inspected sewers and dirt, found places that were not fit for a dog to live in, and when we reported, what do you think they did? Some of the landlords thought it cheaper to bribe our aldermen than to undertake necessary repairing. It is awful, but that is the way in big cities."

"Well, Mrs. Flayk, you don't have to live in a big city. You have everything here. You have lots of friends."

"Of course I have friends, professionally speaking, but little time for personal friendships. Still, I love to visit the venerable Judge Mitchell's wife and his daughter, Mrs. Bailey. They are good friends and worthy. I often call on Mrs. Amsbury and Mrs. Worley, the bankers' wives. They have always treated me nicely. Of course I am not speaking of Mrs. Mackaye. If it were not for the family of Mackaye I do not know what would have become of me in this town.

"Well, I am going to take your advice, Mrs. Flayk, I am going to stay on the farm," said he.

"Well, I am going to tell you a secret. A young boy like you in a big city often spoils himself among the young men. Smoking cigarettes frequently ruins his

manhood and before he knows it he loses his health altogether. Women, as well as men, are exposed to certain associations that are not desirable, especially among the poor families. You know, if a young man contracts disease while young he is spoiled through life. When such people are married, they have puny little children, always sick. This brings the father to despair and ruins the health of the mother, who has to bring them up and to wait on them in sickness, and by the time they are old enough to do anything the parents are worn out and the evidence of the disease is propagated through generations, to ruin the happiness of life for them all. One who is not well is never happy. First he becomes depressed, then despondent, and more than once it terminates with suicide. Unhealthy parents and privations are the fundamental cause of social degeneracy, drunkenness and intemperance of all kinds. The body properly cared for has no hunger for stimulants.

"All this begins with the children being poorly fed, deprived of good wholesome food and plenty of it.

"Well, I begin to understand now; I never thought of it before," said Martin.

"Ha, ha, you farmer, you don't know how happy you are. You have no city struggle. The crop comes anyhow, even if you have plowed only half of the ground, and you are not afraid of the rainy day or of the old age with poverty. You can go to bed and have pleasant dreams. You are not tempted to get any money dishonestly. You are contented with little; you require little, and you are away from temptation. If you love the beautiful you can have it by leading a pure life. If you haven't society you may have a good book, and you will certainly find an affinity in the love of nature. Your children will grow healthy and happy. You will grow in love with your wife as well as the children, and never be tempted by the mischief of divorce.

"I wish I could advise all parents to bring the chil-

dren into the country until they are at least graduated from the high school. Every business man who has any success at all should make his home in the country after he reaches fifty and live in the peace of life by giving short hours to overlook his business.

"I wish I could find a way to aid people. We must find a means of giving secret help and give without ever making them feel it, because, if we are not careful, we can easily teach and breed pauperism. We must help those who are without the proper home training so as to reduce the numbers of the juvenile court children. Think of it. Some great judge has to keep track of two or three thousand children annually that are crowding the juvenile court. There is plenty of work for the missionary without going to China.

"The home first; our people first; our nation first. Then we will become interested in beautifying the minds as well as the bodies and we will build a paradise for each other, right here and today.

"We want strong men, and the science of right living alone can produce them.

"There are many institutions now that exist for the benefit of the people. There are thousands of earnest, conscientious and intelligent people who are striving to bring about better conditions of life, and make the world more fit to live in, and I hope the time is coming soon when these ideals will be realized. But here we are, arriving at the home of the sick children."

"Yes," said Martin, "and I have enjoyed your talk."

One morning the sheriff, Mr. O'Neill, entered the office and said: "Mrs. Flayk, I am authorized to let you have a revolver."

"Well, Mr. O'Neill, I never used such a thing. I would be afraid I would kill the wrong man at the first shot and I would feel bad for it all my life."

"Well, with this you will have my instructions, of course, and I am only here to do my duty."

"I know that, Mr. O'Neill, and consequently I do not want you to be considered remiss in doing your duty on

account of me. I know that a good and strong man like you would not harm a child."

"Not even a man," he said. "But I am only bringing you this to guard yourself in your own home. Of course, I don't want you to kill anyone, only, if any one comes to your door at night, ask their name three times, and if they refuse to give their name, shoot through the door at their own risk. You must guard your home. This is self-defense. Don't put up any longer with such imposition. Do you sleep well at night? I have heard that you were disturbed at night and you do not feel safe."

"Well, well, I do better than that, Mr. O'Neill. I do not sleep in the house at all. I sleep under the trees and bushes in the garden; alone there, I lie quietly, safer than in my own home, as much as the weather will allow me. I do not mind the wind; it puts me to sleep; there alone is the best place for me. I feel that I want to be alone, alone to pray, to weep and sing.

"Somehow every day I miss something, Mr. O'Neill, if you wish for anything in this place help yourself before it is all gone. What do I care about furniture, clothes or trunks? Even the medicine case? They are taking all. I am going to tell you another secret. I went to Topeka on the 5th of October and stopped at the hotel, stayed almost one week trying to see the governor. I visited the training school and the insane asylum from room to room. Of course I was very much interested there, and the medical staff men very courteously informed me about interesting cases. I also looked around the garden as well and took several snap shots of the patients. As we were in the garden I asked the doctor to tell me the most common cause of insanity, and he said: 'Over-work, money-making, money-losing and alcoholism.' I agreed with the gentleman.

"Do you know the reason why I visited that place? I have been threatened that I shall be put there for life if a certain plot fails to go through, and so I wanted to get used to my future surroundings."

CHAPTER VII.

MY PRECIOUS "RIDICULES."

"Hello! Central, give me long distance, Grenola, Kansas."

"Hello! Who's there? Mr. Hatfool? Is this an Englishman? Are you the man who called me once, so insolently, over the 'phone? What can I do for you, sir? You want more credentials to copy, do you? Have you got any of those that were already copied? After you copied them, who tore them up?

"Was it the man, or the dog?

"Hello, sir! How did that happen that you inquired fourteen months after for a license on which I had paid the fee? Did you ever know about the other papers? Or do you ignore it completely? Still, you know all about the plot. He advised you and you promised your protection and your vote to prosecute her. Do you know that he has been using you as a tool for a long time? Have you ever known it? Were you paid for it? Or do you make of yourself an easy mark?

"Try it on the dog, not the man!

"Hello, sir, are you still holding the wire? All this is strictly private. Tell me if you know anything about where the license money went? Who is the grafter, and what else besides grafting is his official duty?

"Does he want a bone to crack?

"Oh! Not the man, but the dog!

"Hello, sir! Are you still there? Do you know you have usurped the confidence of your fellowmen and compromised your personal friends and implicated yourself in a blackmailing plot like a conspirator? I accuse you of being responsible for it, because you knew of the plot and assisted him in it. But your telephone talk is but the barking of a dog, not a man,

"Hello! Yes, I hear you. I am just getting interested now. And tell me how interested you were when you were sitting down at the meeting in Topeka when he laid before you the most infamous abomination against a wife that could ever be created by a villain. You were there. You tolerated it, you approved it, and voted for it. I accuse you of conspiracy before the world.

"Because you were men, but he was a dog.

"Hello, sir! Hold your grip now. Have you ever been conscious of the work you have done to this woman's health and life? It is horrid, sir. Disgraceful for you, and felony and perjury for him.

"Not the dog, but the man.

"Well, sir, do you know the name of the coroner who signed her death certificate? Were you there? Of course not. I am not interested in the coroner, only inquiring for information. Were you there or not?

"I don't care for the coroner but I care for the dog!

"Hello, sir! Do you know anything about his breeding? He has got puppies! I want to know where I can dispose of them! They are acting just like he does. I am afraid they will get the same disease—the hydrophobia. And everybody is afraid of them here but me.

"Not the dog, but the man.

"Hello, I forgot another thing very important, sir. Are you coming soon to arrest me as instructed? I am waiting for you, but if you ever lay your murderous hands on me I shall carry out the sheriff's instruction, I shall dispose of you and throw the rest away——

"Not to the man, but to the dog.

"Hello! Do you hear me? Do you make any arrest for criminal carelessness or political corruption or not? We have a case right here. Do you make any arrest for thievery and perjury? We have got them on hand and we are waiting for your authority to arrest.

"Not the dog, but the man."

"Hello, hello, who's there? What's the matter? The man has fainted away, you say. Is he revived yet? Well, ring the fire alarm and turn on the hose. That is the best stimulant for him.

"Not the dog, but for the man."

"Hello, sir. Are you feeling better? That's good. That's good. Say, by the way! Have you any political power over the sanitary and political department? For something to disinfect the officials? We are afraid of disease. These dogs are getting pretty mad. Have you any Pasteur institute? Can you do anything in case of emergency or have you got any relief at all?"

"I tell you we are in danger here, sir. Do something."

"Not for the man, but for the dog."

"Hello, sir. You must come to his rescue at once. It is a desperate case of hydrophobia. I see the dog on the street, running, his mouth frothing, and the people are afraid of him. Why, the citizens are out with their guns on their shoulders, sir! They are going to meet him at the poolroom to shoot him unless you assist him. Come and come quick, or it will be too late. Hold the wire. Hold the wire. They are shooting him, sir. One shot! Two shots! Three shots! They have killed him, sir! He is dead, breathless, dead!"

"Not the dog, but the man."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAST MONTH IN LONGTON.

(Enter the sheriff): "Good morning, Mrs. Flayk, I hear you have been robbed again.."

"It seems that your office is getting short of chairs."

"Well, of course, but I am used to it. They had their own way here all through. I don't mind. I told you to help yourself before everything was gone. I am going to the hospital very soon; but patients keep coming right along just the same. I told Violetta to keep them away, but she says they don't mind her at all. Here is Violetta."

(Enter Violetta): "Mrs. Flayk, I am just returning from the depot, and this is the fifth time I have called for that parcel, and Mr. Phelps told me he had mislaid it, but he will find it in a few days."

"Mr. John Calkins told me the same thing. I am very sorry, for I have had to delay on account of this parcel. Here are three more patients coming. Some farmer, with long boots, all muddy."

"Well, now," said the sheriff, "you will be busy for awhile, I will return later and the wife will bring you something."

"Thank you, Mr. O'Neill, thank you. It is very kind of you. Mrs. Mackaye and Mrs. Bone and your wife are my three nurses, they come and relieve each other."

"Now, gentlemen," to the farmers, "be seated."

"I want medicine for myself," said one of the men."

"Very well." They all sat down. One of the youngest of the three came and sat very close to Mrs. Flayk.

"Mrs. Flayk, I have a secret to tell you."

"Tell it. Speak loud. These men can hear it; we are all private here," said Mrs. Flayk.

"Well, now these friends of mine know all about it anyway. The other day a man came to our farm and said lots of bad things about you, Mrs. Flayk, but mother

and I didn't believe it, and he even told us not to employ, especially not to pay you, because you had no qualifications whatever. Mother got mad at him, and she threw him out, and she said, 'I don't care anything about your slandering; if I want anyone to care for me I shall go to my good friend Mrs. Flayk. She has done me more good than all the rest of you put together. By the way,' she said, 'I have seen the credentials of Mrs. Flayk once,' and she told me to ask you if you remembered the time. She even mentioned how it read. It was somehow stating all the different kinds of examinations you had been through, and she said if you had been through this you would know pretty much as a nurse,' but she added: 'Go down to Mrs. Flayk and get me some medicine, and tell her not to worry. The people don't believe all of that slander. They can't hurt her.' That is what she said."

"Well, my boy, this is nothing at all. I have no need of character now. When a woman has passed through the burning test, as I have, personally and professionally, for the last twenty years, her character is established. This is not the worst, my boy. There are worse things than that. They have stolen my credentials from me."

(Enter the sheriff): "I have brought you some news from the county attorney. Do not be frightened by anything. Nobody will arrest you for having no license. Everybody knows the plot of conspiracy they have laid for you. Let them go ahead. Never mind it. They will perjure themselves and fall in their own netting."

"Mr. O'Neill, believe me, the more they try to harm me the more I can stand. But if you will allow me to tell you one incident. One day I became very, very ill, suddenly, in my own home, and the pain was so severe that I called for help. No one ever came to my relief. I rapped until I could rap no more. Quietly lying down on the couch I heard a man walking toward the room. I turned myself desperately to look for some assistance from my maid, when I heard a man, an unmanly villain, approach and say: 'I have got you just where I want

you. I told you I would get you there. Ha! Ha! But I am afraid you haven't got enough of it'

"Well, now, Mrs. Flayk, you have been talking long enough. I will go home and send the wife with something good for your supper," said the Sheriff.

"Mr. O'Neill, I have got a very fine tonic, do you wish some of it? It is good for the man who is exposed to all kinds of weather, like yourself. Here it is on the shelf, with a white label, trimmed with gold..

"I am not going to poison you. But I began telling you about what this man did when I was very ill. I did not finish, but will do so now.

"In feverish trembling and painful moments, I said to him. 'If I survive this I shall accuse you before the world. Your children shall blush for shame, and weep for centuries to come.' But he said to me, 'You cannot do it. You are gasping, your last breath. Ha, ha! help yourself now.'

"I said, 'I shall accuse you, though, in my last hour, sir, until I become breathless, and cold in death, and my spirit will arise from the gloom of the grave, to haunt your path everywhere, and accuse you of your sinful life. Your malignant deeds will shroud you with shame, in the most obscure darkness, in your last hours. You will beg for mercy, and your victims will surround your bed and accuse you through all eternity. Go! Go! Your time is coming. You will weep and you will weep bitterly.'

"Now, Mr. O'Neill, this is what I have been through. I do not know how I have survived, but my Master, the Divine, has sustained me. He will guide me, and I will conquer. My faith is strong, my resources are great, and my justification will come."

"Yes, Mrs. Flayk, that is sure. How did you get along that time?"

"I dragged myself over to my neighbor's, and told them I was sick, and stayed there for some time until I had partially recovered."

"Well I don't know how you have stood it so long."

"I was not afraid of anything, but if I had not gotten

out of there something horrible would have happened to me. I was sure of it. But about the practicing proposition, I was not in the least afraid; I had paid my license fee, and was not to be intimidated. Of course the Commissioners do not know his tricks, but one, and that is the Commissioner of Grenola, whom he has boasted so much about, but he can't do anything to me with him."

The Sheriff said: "Do you know that your husband once told everybody, to the County Attorney, that you were thoroughly qualified, and very competent in your profession; and do you think now, that if he goes down there to swear a warrant against you for practicing without any license he will get it, with such a contradictory statement? Never!"

"Well, I must go. I hope you will soon get better. My wife is going to bring you something. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and thank you."

(Half-hour later.)

MRS. FLAYK: "Now, the sheriff is gone. I am going to rest a while. He is a good, plain, everyday man, and his wit is better than his looks. Mrs. O'Neill is a pretty good woman, too. She has done lots of little things for me. Here she is coming."

"MRS. O'NEILL: "I have brought you a little broth to-night, Mrs. Flayk, for your supper. Have you been in bed all day?"

"Yes, most of the time. But I have been sitting up for a couple of hours."

"Well, how many people have your had here to-day?"

"Oh, about one dozen or more."

"And you expect to get well, that way? Oh, no, woman, you must get away from here or you will never get well. You are getting thinner and thinner, with that feverish face. Why don't you take something for yourself?"

"Do you know, Mrs. O'Neill, that it is very hard to prescribe for one's self."

"Then get a doctor."

"I would rather die than that they should know I am sick. They will never know it. I am going to get ready in a few days to take a trip to Kansas City."

"You will die on the way, poor woman."

Mrs. Flayk then said:

"Mrs. O'Neill, in case something happens to me, as a matter of precaution, of course, you will take whatever you will find under my pillow for yourself. Do not say anything about this, for it is best for you. Now I will rest awhile. Good bye."

Soon afterwards Mrs. Flayk wrote the following letter:

"LONDON, KANSAS, November 16th, 1905.

Mr. A. T. Ayers, County Attorney, Howard, Kansas:

MY DEAR SIR—I am going to leave this town to-morrow, if I have to go on a stretcher. I obey all your instructions to the very letter.

I stood all, bravely, patiently, until I became totally disabled by the burning fever that consumes me every day, that makes me weak, until my limbs refuse to bear me. Otherwise, I feel stronger than the lion. I never will surrender to anything.

They have done all they could to injure me and I have all that a human heart can bear. They have ruined my health. If you should see me, you would think so. May some one tell you later. These persecutors have intruded everywhere. They robbed my place, they took everything they could possibly use. I learn that some of my credentials have been destroyed, and they rejoice and boast over it. For all this I shall not complain to the authorities, because you know this as well as I do. Experience has taught me that there is no justice but one! That is Time! Time alone will see me justified.

I care very little for these things they stole from me. My heart is in love with better things, believe me. Let them steal all trash. If there is anything left, if you do not hear from me inside of two months, order the sheriff to give the furniture and all the rest to the poor.

Now I must thank you with all my heart, for all your encouragement, as well as your legal advice and instruc-

tion. You have been a father, a brother to me, and a protection to guide me through this blotted page of my life safely.

Praise and thanks are due to you, not only for what you have done for me, because I was guarded partly by the god of science, but you have and you will protect more of these poor defenseless and unfortunate victims that are falling daily into the merciless hands of tyrants and persecutors.

These fatherless and defenseless creatures are looking hopefully toward you, good, honest and honorable legal man!

Gratefully yours,

MARIE M. FLAYK.

But what of him who has wronged and persecuted me,
ruined my health, humiliated me before the

World?

I must, I shall, I will forgive. But my spirit is
not crushed, it will rise from the obscuring
cloud of sadness,

More brilliant than before, shining with the glory of
my Master, the living God-Man of Justice.

With my golden sword I shall be vindicated before
the world,

And have Peace Divine, throughout Eternity.

My grief is assuaged, dried are my tears,

By Thy Divine healing balm,

Thou Glorious,

Thou Victorious,

Thou Infinite Eternal.

CHAPTER IX.

A TRIAL OPENING AND AN EXPLANATION.

Of the famous trial arising out of the loss of the book called "The Truth in Spite of the Devil," the following tells the tale:

"Be it remembered, That the case of Marie M. Flayk vs. Express Company, to recover damages for the Stolen Manuscript of the plaintiff, coming on for hearing in the March term, A. D. 1909, before a Judge and Jury, of the Honorable Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois, the following proceedings were had:

Appearances:

Samuel Herren, Esq., and
W. Wheelock, Esq.,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,

W. C. Hall, Esq.,
Attorney for Defendant.

In the first week of November, 1905, the manuscript in question was given in care of an express company, of Chicago, by the agent of the adjustment company who had transacted some business for Mrs. Marie M. Flayk, at Longton, Kansas.

The manuscript, which was called, "The Truth In Spite of the Devil," was never delivered to her by the express company, the company claiming that the manuscript was lost or mislaid. It was still in the hands of the express company, having been kept by them five years, up to the time when suit was brought for its recovery, in the Superior Court of Chicago, in March, 1909, and from the day it was taken by the express company until the day of the trial, the author never saw her manuscript again, During the course of the

trial, she was allowed to examine it only in the presence of counsel for the express company and her own counsel, when she found the manuscript to be mutilated, parts of it entirely gone, and in very bad condition, and a large photograph of the author, that had accompanied it, missing.

The court room was crowded as is usual in important cases, with acquaintances, visitors, also newspaper men, on scent of a sensation. There were a few ladies that entered the room and sat quietly awaiting an opportunity to interview Mrs. Flayk, as they were old college friends of hers.

Mrs. Flayk entered in company with her counsel, Mr. William Wheelock and Mr. Samuel C. Herren, both fine, distinguished looking gentlemen, with a noble carriage, inspiring confidence, their courteous manners as well as their ability commanding respect, both personally as well as professionally.

Mrs. Flayk, a petite brunette, of medium size, with graceful neatness of appearance, fair complexion, keen sparkling dark eyes, calmly and composedly took her seat near by her two counsel, east of the large table, facing the court. On the opposite side were the opposing counsel, Mr. Hall and assistant, the first mentioned being a quick, energetic, intelligent appearing man, very well adapted for the occasion, and well fitted for this class of litigation.

The clock of the court room indicated the hour of ten, and the clerk of the court hammered three times, to call the court room to order, on the entrance of the presiding judge. The court was then in session. Everything was silence for a moment, while the court consulted with counsel.

The corporation counsel carefully examined all the jurymen, and excused all of those that were of French descent, fearing that they might be in sympathy with the plaintiff, she being French.

Mr. Herren, for the plaintiff, excused all the jurymen that had been or were employed by the corporation. This took all day, and the court then adjourned

As soon as Mrs. Flayk left the court room her friends followed her, and expressed their pleasure in seeing her again. These friends had heard of the trial through the papers, and came to ask her if there was anything they could do, also wishing her success. Mrs. Flayk expressed her gratitude to them all, stating that Dr. Margaret Johnson had come the day before, and she was very much pleased with all her old friends. "Of course you know Dr. Margaret Johnson, she was in the college, and her husband, Dr. Johnson, was our professor on the diseases of children.

"Yes," said one of the ladies, "I remember him; but we will be in court every day, to see all the curiosities as well as your success. We wish you to win," and they excused themselves. There were several other friends waiting for Mrs. Flayk. Miss Morrison, Miss Rosamann and Mrs. Calvin Serl, a distinguished writer for a fashionable magazine, were present at the court session, and coming forward they said to the doctor some interesting things on what they thought of the selection of jurymen, as well as the appearance of the counsel.

"I think your counsel has made a good selection of jurymen," said Mrs. Serl.

One of the ladies said, "Well, the corporation's counsel looks very smart." Another lady in the corner said, "Well he looks just like a lion, walking up and down, restless."

"Well," said Mrs. Flayk, "do you know, I love to deal with smart men. Somehow, through my whole life I have often been associated with that kind of people. It seems to me that I feel perfectly at home, silently listening to everything they say. I pick up about every word that drops from their lips, like a pet dove picking the bread crumbs falling from the table. I feel insignificant, but I love to listen and to observe every movement or contraction of their muscles. Everything means something to me. Every gesture or impatient movement speaks for itself. The twisting of the finger, the walk, with all the facial expressions put

together, all this is instruction to me, to say nothing of the color of the face, the movements of the lips, the blinking of the eye. I carefully notice the sound, the tone of the voice, and this tells me who I am dealing with, and I feel encouraged, and it seems that I prepare myself for the occasion, and from this eminent counsel of the corporation, I almost know his recitation beforehand. I will bear it all patiently, but I will pray and plead for justice, as an angel prays to God. I am not here to fight for the dollars and cents, but only for an honorable vindication in a plot of conspiracy, that was hatched in Longton, Kansas, four years ago, and I want no rest, on earth or in heaven, until these people who have co-operated with these express agents to defame my character and steal my life story will be seen clearly in the broad daylight.

"I know the corporation's counsel will fight hard, as he is paid to do it. I am glad to have a masterful man to fight with. I would rather have a battle with a lion than with a coward, and I shall win. I shall credit the courage of such a man, every time, no matter which side, which part he does take. The man doesn't fight for himself, but the cause of others, and that he must do courageously. If I had received my last call for heaven to go with a coward, I should refuse it.

"I shall never fear to undertake a fight in a just cause, as this one is; no matter how hard we may have to fight, I must make the thing clear before the world."

Here entered another lady, with snow-white hair.

"How do you do, doctor. How glad I am to see you."

"Is this Mrs. Kinney?"

"Yes."

"I am glad to see you. I have thought of you many times."

"I heard you were married."

"Excuse me, madam. This was a mistake. This man was an impostor. He did not want a wife. He intruded into the matrimonial state to have a wife work-

ing for him was, because it was cheaper than to pay a servant."

"Horrors!" cried a woman.

"Of course selfishness kills all things that are lovable. Everywhere, every day and every minute of the day self-conceit absorbs all the good of a man's life, and kills love, in spite of all its blindness."

"It is late. Let us go. Doctor, I invite you to supper," says Mrs. Kinney. "I would love to have a little talk with you," said the doctor.

"I wish you success, Doctor, and I hope that you will win the case against the corporation," said another lady. "It is such a great injustice. I am in sympathy with you. Still, allow me to tell you what I think. These people have cases in large numbers, annually; they have counsel well fitted for that litigation, who are willing to sacrifice anything, give anything, before they will lose one case.

"Secondly, they will keep you for months, for years, until all the witnesses are dead and buried, and they are even waiting for the judge to get ill, and when the case is called out, there is no one to appear against them. Do you wonder if they win?

"And remember this is understood. My father once had a case in court. He fought fifteen years. There were several judges in the case, and somehow, it seemed, before they threw it at length in the waste basket, they had to go through all kinds of symptoms before they could make any decision whatever. They had all kinds of diseases, from the measles to nervous prostration, and these sicknesses were very alarming, but as a matter of fact, these fearful fevers, or what you may call them, seemed to return periodically, before they determined anything."

"Do you mean, Mrs. Kenney, that if a judge happens to be ill, the whole jurisdiction suffers for it, on account of his ailment, and these poor creatures that are wasting their time waiting for a decision, have to perish on account of it? Is there any provision for an

emergency. I cannot understand it, it seems so unreasonable to me."

"But it is the truth," said Mrs. Kinney. "Do you know my father was a lawyer? He told me a lot of things. He always thought it was the ruling way of the trusts, and every legal man knew it. They use all efforts to get law in their favor, and they will do almost anything before they will allow a private individual to get any damage or compensation of any kind."

"Oh, Mrs. Kinney, I am horrified! I cannot believe it, for this is human slavery! Well, how is it? I did not want to come in court; I am dragged into it by force, by a revengeful man. What have I done that they should ruin me? What am I to do? I was robbed of my life's story. They never, never even tried to bring me the book. Now here I am, what am I to do?"

"Of course your case is different. You must defend yourself."

"Well, I shall, and I shall not be discouraged for anything." "Well," she said, "You might get a good verdict. The Chicago men, you know, are practical men. They understand all these things; they know all about this red tape I have told you of, but the trouble is, the corporation's counsel does not approve of the intelligent Chicago men for jurymen, because they are too well posted."

"Wait and see," said Mrs. Kinney.

"Now do you blame the suffragette if she fights in England for her legal rights the way she does? All the privileges she has are to pay taxation and raise a family of sons and daughters without a word to say about her estate, without speaking of many other things that will concern the law-making. What do we hear people say: 'It is not a woman's place' and 'Well, my wife is not interested in politics.' There will be always people who are so not interested in politics, and particularly those who are in it already. But this is a matter of justice, Doctor. It will come!"

"Well, Mrs. Kinney, I am a voter. I vote in the west. I enter the poll-room just as I do a church.

I cast my ballot peaceably. Of course I vote my husband's ticket, and I am proud of it. I never made any disturbance in the poll-room. Do you see what it means for the woman to vote? It means a help to her husband. It means the doubling of the respectable vote. Some people are so prejudiced against it that they do not see the good side of it. I am sure I left the poll-room very politely, and everybody was polite to me. If the ladies of the west can vote I do not see why the ladies of the East are not as good! It is a matter of education. That's all! The suffragette has the right thing. She must—she will—get there fearlessly, regardless of all the soreheads. If I had another life to spare it would be spent working for equal rights. It seems only a few years ago, in the history of the world, that Napoleon the Great gave the National suffrage, and sent the Angel Gabriel with the trumpet to the four cardinal points of France, giving to man equal rights. It was not so long ago either when Lincoln, the Great, gave suffrage and freedom to the black slave; and there will be a Napoleon the Great, a Lincoln the Great, somewhere, in some humble home, perhaps in some lonely farm or cabin, ignored, still a boy, but a Man-Christ, that loves his fellowmen, a God-man of truth and honor, capable of seeing and understanding his duty toward his country, and his duty toward his mother! Toward providence! With an unselfish mind, a pure heart, kind and generous, that will come forward on some glorious morning, he will blow the trumpet to mankind, announcing Universal Suffrage! And the emancipation of the White Slave, as well as Labor Emancipation!"

"Well, well, Doctor. You can preach pretty well, when you get started."

"Well, this is what I have always thought. I remember, about thirty years ago, my father and I were gardening together. He said to me, 'Well, Marie, what do you think! Some women in America are going to vote. They demand woman's suffrage.' I

dropped the hoe. I stood up and looked at my father, face to face. 'Father,' I said, 'I want to go to America!' My father said, 'Ah, you have a hothead. I would not be surprised if some time you go there. Still, I want you with me.' 'Oh, I am not going yet, but later.' I loved him, poor father. I thought I would never leave him, but from that day to this, my thoughts have been for America, and now I hope the time will come soon when we will have the pleasure of seeing universal suffrage."

"Now let us speak of something else, Mrs. Kinney. How is your arm, anyhow?" Mrs. Kinney said, "It is quite strong. I always remember you, Doctor, particularly when I had that old arm of mine wrapped up in Paris plaster. That was no fun, but when you gave me chloroform I thought that I was gone."

"Well, of course, there is no danger in chloroform, if you use it right. And is this hand as strong as the other?"

"Almost, but I am getting feeble, that is all."

"Now, Mrs. Kinney, you have ordered too much dinner. I am not very hungry."

"Well, dear, when two friends talk together they never notice how much they eat. Let us talk and laugh to suit ourselves. Now begin your story."

"In 1905, sometime in October, I wrote to the agent of the Continental Adjustment Company in Chicago, with whom I had had dealings, to send me my manuscript that I had left in their vault for safe-keeping. He wrote me, enclosing receipt from the express company, marked, 'Value, five thousand dollars,' and the receipt and letter were dated 5th of November, 1905, and he stated that the manuscript would arrive soon. From that day for about a week I called up the depot by 'phone on the arrival of every train, asking if the package had yet arrived, as I was waiting for it and wished to take the manuscript with me to Kansas City, where I had made arrangements to publish it. On the day of the 9th

or 10th of November, the agent Phelps called me up and told me that a parcel had arrived for me, and to send some one there and get it. On my way, going to the postoffice for my mail, as usual, I met Mr. John Calkins, the night agent, who said to me the same thing, 'Doctor, there is a parcel for you at the depot; you had better send your maid Violetta for it.' I said, 'Yes, I will send her in an hour,' and I went on my way to see a sick person.

"From that day until the 17th day of November, I called at the depot every day, and Mr. Phelps would say that the parcel had arrived, but somehow he had mislaid it; to call again. You see Phelps had received the parcel, and had notified me, but he evidently had notified his confidential friend Flayk also, and then they entered into this conspiracy to defraud me of my manuscript.

"Finally, I was about to leave the town, on the 17th, for I had to be at a medical meeting in Kansas City on the 18th, and the last time I saw the agent of the express company I asked him if he had investigated about this matter, and he said that he had, but he could not find anything. 'Well,' he said, 'if you don't find this parcel what are you going to do about it? The company will pay for your parcel, if it is lost. What of it?'

"I said to him, 'Mr. Phelps, I don't care for any pay for this parcel, I want it, and I must find it. If you do not investigate this matter, I will, but I am going to Hot Springs, Ark. As soon as you hear anything about this parcel, notify Mrs. M. M. Flayk, general delivery, Hot Springs, Ark,' but he just didn't seem to care to argue the matter any longer, and I bought my ticket for Kansas City, where I arrived the 18th of November, remaining there until some time in the middle of December, for I had become sick in Kansas City, with a high fever, and was obliged to remain there, at the Pacific Hotel, as the doctor would not let me embark for Hot Springs until I was some-

what better. At last I arrived at Hot Springs, but I was so ill I never gave a thought to the lost manuscript for one year after, when one day I decided to write to some lawyer in Chicago to see about the matter, and then, after that, some time in the spring of 1907, I was asked for my receipt, that the lawyer wanted to see, and I sent my receipt to Chicago, to the Adjustment Company, that the lawyer might see it; otherwise I would never have given my receipt to any one. Then, in 1908, I was informed by my attorney, Mr. Herren, that the case of Flayk vs. Express Company was liable to come up at any time, and to get myself in readiness. When I arrived in Chicago, after waiting six months, the case being postponed all the time, I asked Mr. Herren to show me the receipt I had sent to Chicago, and immediately it was recognized that the receipt had been forged, that the date of it had been changed and a small amount (fifty dollars) placed in it. Yet it was stated that the express company had sent their agents down there ten times to see what the receipt looked like.

"The company claimed there was no value mentioned in the receipt, but, if so, how was it that a new receipt was forged and the amount changed to fifty dollars, and also the date changed? Why all this was mean trickery, to complicate the case on the part of the agent of the corporation? Perhaps their intention was to confuse me on the witness stand so that I would commit perjury myself.

"Then these conspirators wanted to implicate me, so they made it out that I stole my own manuscipe, and they made their depositions to try and get around it in some way. So Phelps stated in his deposition that he never saw the package, but that the waybill showed that the package marked 'M. M. Flayk' was short and had not been received at Longton.

"Then Mr. Flayk, in his deposition, says that he saw Mrs. Flayk at the station that morning, and he saw the package lying on the platform, addressed to

her. The depositions contained just enough to make the impression that Mrs. Flayk took the manuscript herself, so that when the case came to trial, her testimony would be conflicting and contradictory. But when I come to testify as to the date and the amount of value, I shall tell the truth in spite of all the millions of the express company.

"It happened that when Mr. Phelps found himself in trouble, because he had notified me that the package had arrived, he went and confided his trouble to his particular friend, Mr. Flayk, who told him not to worry over the matter, that all he had to do was to go down to the cottage where Mrs. Flayk lived, and to get in through the window, the window being wide and open, and he would find the manuscript behind the trunk; but he forgot to tell him who put it there.

"You will see the trickery on their part, for, you will remember, the agent Phelps had notified me about the 10th of November that the package had arrived, and for me to call for it; also the night agent, Mr. Calkins, notified me to the same effect. And when I called for the manuscript, Mr. Phelps told me he had mislaid it.

"All this was done before the date stated in the depositions of these men, and it is absolutely clear that it is the work of a conspiracy on the part of the agent, aided by the agent of the company and the detectives, trying to mix up the case the reverse of the actual facts, by changing first the amount of the receipt, then the date, and making out the manuscript had been found in my home, so as to implicate me in a case of perjury. But they forgot to keep track of the day I left Longton, and that medical meeting makes me sure of the date."

Mrs. Kinney said, "Doctor, I think you are right. I think that it is a conspiracy, and that they intended to bring you into a lawsuit, to make you spend time and money, and get you into a trap in a perjury case besides, just out of revenge."

"Well, that may be so. I do not care if I do get satisfaction or not; I shall fight just the same. It is an outrage. I have been robbed, and they have kept this manuscript in their possession for four years, and they always ignore me, thinking that I might die in some corner, forgotten, but you see, death didn't want me, so I had to return to fight it out.

"Many people have discouraged me by saying that it is absolutely useless for me to try to fight such a rich corporation, but I have confidence that there must be some good men yet on the bench that could see into these things, and there may be some good, reasonable counsel, and conscientious men, who will help to clear up the truth in this matter. I want nothing, and am in need of nothing. I give every day, and will give more. My health may be impaired and I may be ruined, but I shall try to get well, if I can overcome all, and to make myself useful, if possible. All I want is justice—nothing else, absolutely nothing—and I know that a jury will give me justification, and a verdict. Of course I understand bribery is there, graft is there, the money is there, all the brains that money can buy is there to defeat me. I am only a woman. What can I do against such force? I will put my trust in man and God, Divine Providence, who knows how much I have endured for the past few years. I am ready to stand it all. I expect to be oppressed, but I will stand it bravely, and with as much fortitude as possible. They can look into my character as carefully as they want, they can probe everything they want to. I know that the counsel for the corporation will not spare me, but it is too bad. Think of it! To be robbed, to have your property destroyed, and then to be defamed, to be put under the persecution of cross-examination, in the same line with a criminal, for a corporation to find an excuse to avoid paying damage for property lost; it is the world reversed. It is the devil's ruling, through and through, opposition and oppression. Commercial

madness is the cause of it. It is a disease. It grows. It is an epidemic. It is catching. How many poor souls have been ruined by a corporation counsel for the sake of a few dollars, just a few dollars of bribe and graft?"

"Well, my dear Doctor, I hope you will come out of this all right. Now I want to ask you, Doctor, have you visited all your friends, those who were in the college with you—Dr. Imogene Nutting, your partner, with whom you practiced so long, and the people on the South Side who used to call you the 'Two Sisters'?"

"Yes, she is married now, and very happy."

"I am very glad of it."

"So am I, Mrs. Kinney."

"Have you seen or heard anything about the family of Cornelius Powell?"

"Yes, I visited them, and found Mrs. Powell in that good optimistic spirit, as usual. Her girls are great, big girls, almost ready to be married, and they are pretty, too. The mother is proud of them."

"Now, Mrs. Kinney, while I am here in Chicago, I must take you down to visit our Pasteur Institute, the Tuberculosis Institute, also the Cook County Hospital, and the University of Illinois, where I am attending the clinic. Then you will see something. You will see what resources there are for the students of Chicago. Why, you don't realize what is being done in this great city, what wonderful scientific resources and advantages there are here."

"Well, Doctor, I will take pleasure in accompanying you. of course I do not get out very much."

"And, now, Mrs. Kinney, you will please excuse me, as I have an appointment. I will see you again soon."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

CHAPTER X.

A TALK WITH DR. JOHNSON.

In the morning, on entering the courtrom, Mrs. Flayk found herself face to face with Dr. Johnson.

"How do you do, Doctor? Are you still practicing and teaching in the college?"

"I am glad to see you, Doctor. Yes, I am practising," said Dr. Johnson.

"Well, I suppose you have heard something about the case. What do you think of it? Do you think I will win?"

"Well, I don't want to discourage you," he said. "I hear you have a good case, but, as much as I know about the personal injury cases of the railroad companies, I would say this: They have about their own way in doing things."

"Explain yourself, sir."

"I mean to say, in personal injuries, with every accident that happens on railroads they have their own tools of men for witnesses, on the witness stand, without speaking of the expert physician. Because the poor plaintiff has been injured by them, in order to escape damages, they add insult and blasphemy to injury, by making out that they are drunkards, morphine fiends, if not totally blind or careless; then they postpone the cases, month after month, year after year, and when they come to trial they pick out jurymen from their own men, and these men have a certain mark in their buttonhole, which means, 'We belong to you, and we are ready to hold out the hand for a bribe!'"

"Do the courts allow that, Doctor? Perhaps they don't know."

"Well, you don't know how these things come. The authorities know it, and they are fully informed at the beginning of the proceedings.

"The express companies—you know that they have their own supreme way. They oppose in congress, with a strong lobby, all postal legislation that would reduce rates. The people ask for a rate of one or two cents a pound, in rural districts. Then one could order a pound of tea and get it delivered for a few cents. The express companies say, 'No, we want the farmer to pay fifteen to twenty-five cents a pound for delivering, or the farmer must drive to town for it.' The parcels post is very popular in Europe, particularly in France.

"I have made a study of the courts everywhere, and, wherever I have gone, I have heard complaints of injustice at the hands of the law, or legalized robbery, and especially in personal injury cases. Some persons hire expert witnesses to swear to anything they wish. Some even have sworn that a man with one lung could live as well as with two, and that a broken limb is stronger than one that isn't broken. And that if a woman falls under a street car and gets her limb crushed, they can see no relation between the street car accident and the injury complained of, but that it is probably caused by some trouble brought on from childbirth. That is about as reasonable as they make their excuses for evading payment of damages. As if they had the right to deprive a man of a part of his body and make him go through life with one lung and one leg, and tell him they have done him a favor, and instead of asking any damages of them, he ought to be thankful that he is still alive, and that the corporation has been very lenient with him in not throwing him into jail for perjury."

"What does all this mean?" said Mrs. Flayk.

"It means that a sad condition exists in the courts today; that the people are pleading for justice which they do not get. I have found many attorneys who have predicted great future disaster if these conditions continue. It is all these things that will prepare the people for a great reform which is bound to come.

"We have heard of corporations stealing legal papers. But if a poor, sickly plaintiff attempted such a thing he would land in jail. He may consider himself lucky if he is not sent there in case a corporation has stolen his document, and he has brought suit against it.

"It is this great injustice and oppression of the strong against the weak that breeds socialism. These corporations are the implacable foes and enemies of justice.

"Of course I am telling you this thing as a matter of information, but soon you will be able to find out for yourself that the tactics of these great corporations will be to reverse the case and turn it vice versa, and even to try to implicate you in it, if they can. They are themselves protected, and they abuse their privileges while, through their supreme oligarchy, they rule over the weak."

"Well, I am very thankful to you, Doctor, for this instruction."

A number of newspaper reporters were in court. One, from the Record-Herald, said: "I wish we could take a snapshot of Mrs. Flayk as soon as she comes in, but, of course, she fears notoriety, although she has been quite a society woman."

"I understand her husband was Mayor of Longton," said the man from the Journal.

"Yes, he was Mayor once, but was not re-elected. He has been quite a politician, I believe, but I guess his politics are almost over, for he was recently a candidate for the Legislature and was defeated. He persecuted his wife shamefully. Mrs. Flayk had a great many sympathizers out there and they were against him at the ballot box."

"What is the amount that she is suing for?"

"Some one said she is suing for twenty-five thousand dollars damages against the express company for having lost her manuscript. It was even said that it had been given to her enemy, Mr. Flayk, to destroy,

by the agent of the express company, who had been a friend of his."

"Is that so? Then the company is certainly liable for damages. This was a book telling the story of her life. How he has tortured and treated her, I think, would not make a very good appearance in the book. I understand he has mutilated the book and taken out some love letters that he had written her. The book is still in the hands of the express company."

"The case began a week ago and it does not seem to reach the end very soon, for the corporation's counsel said that it was only the beginning of a hard and bitter fight. Before she will get her manuscript, or what is left of it, she will have to sit long enough on the witness stand to be probed through and through. Of course, the corporation is protected by the law, but the private individual is not. Often you are robbed and then your reputation is riddled into shreds; you are treated like a criminal on cross-examination; oppression, both mental and physical, is exercised until the witness is in a condition to drop senseless at the feet of the counsel, eager to exonerate the company from paying damages to the person whose property they have lost or destroyed."

"Here is Mrs. Flayk. I will speak to her."

"Good morning, Mrs. Flayk, I would like to have a short article for my paper. I am already familiar with the general features of your case. You are suing the company to recover damages for your stolen manuscript?"

"Yes, sir. Although I am told that I haven't much chance against a large corporation, as they have the intricate machinery of the law at their command, but I shall have the courage and hope to bring them to justice. If I should receive damages for the loss they have caused me, which would be remunerative and also punitive damages, it may help to teach them a lesson to not lose or destroy the property of the public when it has been solemnly placed in their care."

"Well, Mrs. Flayk, I hope you will succeed. Now tell us something about how you came to write the book."

"This is a story of my life, which has been full of endurance and pain and injustice—a heart Calvary. It seemed to me that if I had not written that story I should have died. I was forced to do so by the interior voice of my Master, my conscience, commanding me to do so. It was my message of truth. Having a universal education in languages, I did not know how to begin the story. I wrote essays in French, but finally chose the English language for the translation, as I felt that I had received a great part of my education in that language, and I also felt that I was indebted to Chicago for a great part of it. I love Chicago as well as the Parisian Latin Quarter of my dear France. The West Side of Chicago, with the University connection, is the Latin Quarter of Chicago, as valuable, as instructive, as anywhere else in the world.

"And, while we are talking, I must add a word more about Chicago. I am a woman who has traveled over the greater part of Europe and Africa, as well as the largest part of the United States. I believe, and I have heard many others say, that Chicago is destined to be the greatest city of the world. You have got to see it to appreciate it from all sides, not simply from a cursory glance, while passing through in a trolley car, when you might say, 'Chicago is nothing else but smoke.' It might be the same way in Paris. If you merely saw the surroundings without seeing the inside you might say 'Paris is a poor place to live in' because you did not see the inside—the monuments, the Cathedrals, the Museums of Art, without speaking of the Sorbonne, and all the other beautiful places that make the City of Light, the Gay Paris, the place of continual ecstasy.

"But Chicago has done more work in the last fifteen years toward progress, advanced more rapidly in

art, music and the drama, literature, and commerce, to gain honor, than some nations have done in a century.

"Chicago is to be praised for her colleges and the rich educational opportunities that have been opened up, both to man and woman. There is not a better place to be found in the west. In many respects she is far outstripping the east, as a practical field for the betterment of the youth, a sound clean playground both for mental and intellectual development for all. The high-class theatres and uplifting drama, so needful and helpful for the active minds of the twentieth century.

"The progress of Chicago within the last thirty years has been marvelous. Destroyed by the great fire, she has rebuilt herself. The beautiful homes that are growing up everywhere in and around Chicago, and the magnificent structures that are being built within the heart of the city are the wonder of the world. The financial and commercial resources of Chicago will be the greatest in the world. Situated on beautiful Lake Michigan, which is as grand in its way as the ocean, centrally located as she is, her facilities for reaching all parts of the United States as well as the world cannot be equaled. She is bound to be the center of America, the great city of the world. the center of the Universe, the greatest city of the world. But court is beginning, I must go. You papermen are all very nice, but how far from the truth! I must go."

(And the reporters retired with their copy for the press.)

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIGHT IN COURT.

Lawyer Herren, for the plaintiff, spoke as follows :

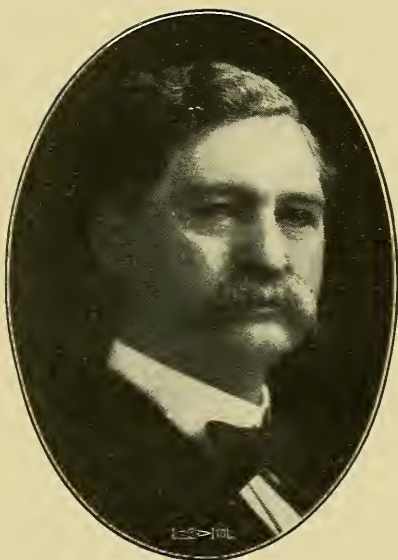
Gentlemen of the jury: This case is brought by Mrs. Flayk, the former wife of Dr. Flayk, of Longton, Kansas, against the express company, to recover damages for the loss of a manuscript which she was to publish at that time, and which she had placed in the company's hands for transportation from Chicago to Longton, Kansas. She had sent it to Chicago to a publishing company for an estimate of the cost of publishing, and her agents had returned it to her for some slight addition she wished to make.

Now the express company lost this package or failed to deliver it to her and we expect to prove to you, gentlemen of the jury, that Dr. Flayk, Mayor of Longton, I think, at one time, deliberately and intentionally entered into a conspiracy with the agent of the express company, Mr. Phelps, who was a personal friend of the doctor's, to deprive Mrs. Flayk of her manuscript, the autobiography of her life.

The defendant in this case would try to make out that Mrs. Flayk stole her own manuscript from the platform of the depot, and that many months after she left the town, Phelps and Flayk, whatever his name is, found this document buried in the house that she used to live in. If they found the manuscript there, they certainly knew who put it there.

Now we expect to show you this man Flayk had a revengeful spirit against his former wife because he feared her whom he tortured and persecuted. He feared that something written in the book would not be to his credit, that certain shady doings of his would receive the light of day.

The doctor's evident idea in entering into the



HON. SAMUEL C HERREN

conspiracy with the agent of the express company was to further implicate, persecute and injure his victim, and this can be and will be proven to you, gentlemen, with complete satisfaction beyond any shadow of a doubt. The Court will probably instruct you that the law is that the company is responsible for the act of its agent, and if you believe from the evidence that you have before you that the agent of the company entered deliberately into a conspiracy against this woman to intentionally assist his friend to deprive her of her manuscript, then you may render a verdict in her favor against the company—first of all to exonerate her from these malicious conspirators and slanderers—and give her whatever sum you think she is entitled to.

The plaintiff in this case, I beg of you gentlemen to remember, is a woman rising from a long illness, following fourteen months of barbarous and inhuman treatment on the part of a so-called professional gentleman. The revengeful mind of this man spared nothing in attacking her, even to the destruction of her health, as well as her personal and professional reputation, reducing a healthy woman to a physical wreck, and for this he has nothing and never could have anything to repay in this life for such a criminal act.

This melodrama of Longton would never have been known to the world if this manuscript had not been stolen from the express company.

Mrs. Flayk, being called to the witness stand, testified, on direct examination by Mr. Herren, that she had placed the stolen manuscript in the hands of Mr. Truebey, her agent, in Chicago, to get from some publishers an estimate of the cost of publication, which he wrote her he had done, afterwards placing the manuscript in the hands of the express company to be delivered to her; also that the agent of the express company, Mr. Phelps, at Longton, Kansas, notified her that her package had arrived; that she sent her maid for it several times, and called herself, but the agent made excuses and put her

off to gain time and finally said the package was mislaid or lost, asking her what could she do about it.

Despite of the agent having notified her that the package had arrived, he made a deposition, which was read in court, to the effect that he had never seen the package; that he got a way bill from the messenger on board the train on which the package was supposed to have been expressed, showing that the package had been sent from Chicago, and that he made a note that this particular package was short, and had not been received from the messenger. This was the only package that was short on the train.

The deposition of Dr. Flayk, the husband, was introduced at the trial, to the effect that he was at the depot and boarded the train at five o'clock in the morning and he saw the package thrown off onto the platform. He saw Mrs. Flayk on the platform also, then he went on his journey.

When the agent was in trouble over not being able to deliver the manuscript, Dr. Flayk helped him out, by telling that the manuscript was in Mrs. Flayk's trunk. He claimed to have found that out by going to Mrs. Flayk's house and climbing through the window, as he admitted in his deposition, and finding it in her trunk.

He claimed that this happened months after Mrs. Flayk had left the town, and at the house where she used to live before going to the hospital at Hot Springs. Now the company claimed that they had made efforts to deliver the manuscript to Mrs. Flayk, who was at that time in Hot Springs.

The testimony of the witnesses as to the efforts to find Mrs. Flayk and deliver her package, the depositions of Phelps and Flayk are short, and are practically given hereafter, in Mr. Herren's argument.

Mr. Truebey testified that he had delivered the package to the express company and taken their receipt, which showed a value stated for the manuscript of a very large amount, and sent the receipt to Mrs. Flayk at the same time he sent the manuscript. She showed

the receipt to many friends still alive in Kansas, that the value of the receipt was \$5,000.00. Later Mr. Truebey advised Mrs. Flayk to send the receipt to him in Chicago, as he might be able to bring this case to a settlement to save her a trip, but somehow afterwards Mr. Truebey said some agent of the company came to his office, and while he was giving his attention to one of his clients, the agent of the company changed the date of the receipt, also changed the value from a large to a small amount; that the stenographer, Mrs. Florence Lang Clark, told him that she saw the agent change the receipt.

The following ensued in the course of the cross-examination of the plaintiff by Corporation Counsel Hall:

Q. Madam, where were you born

A. I was born in my father and mother's residence on the 15th day of November, 1862, Commune de Verane, Canton de Pélussin, Loire, France.

Q. Where were you educated?

A. In the convent until fifteen years of age, then by my father until I left him to go to the mission.

Q. What is the reason for giving that name to your book, "The Truth in Spite of the Devil"?

A. Because the truth prevails in this book.

Q. But to whom do you refer in it?

A. I am referring to a financial devil, the evil ruler of this twentieth century.

Q. Have you ever seen him?

A. I have seen him and felt his power.

Q. Describe him, tell us what kind of a man he is?

A. His royal highness is a soulless silhouette of a powerful financial body of highway kings that are tolerated and protected by their own supreme oligarchical jurisdiction, and kept in power by a corrupt election system. This royal monarch possesses millions wrung by artful ingenuity from the sons and daughters of toil.

Having all the titles of great monarchs and princes

of the people's world, his kingdom is without any flag or nationality, to defend or support. His only representatives are all bankers, or Wall street brokerage houses.

His very mighty highness' card of introduction is prince regent of the financial world, and in his royal cabinet are Baron de Sugar, Baron de Railroad, Baron of Food Production, Baron of Live Stock, Baron of Public Utilities and National Resources, Baron of All the Commonwealth, both Land and Mineral. Each of these barons is the presiding and commanding head of a brigade of lawlessness, divided and sub-divided according to the lines they are representing. These bodies of a standing army are well protected for all emergencies. Their uniform is slightly shaded with all kinds of social and commercial coloring or discoloring dyes. They are the essence of money prostitution through a medium of legal and political machine influence. These bodies are divided again to form flying squadrons called agents, promoters, conspirators, misleaders, press fictionists, traitors of their own people, stock waterers, swindlers and others.

These daring devils, arrogant in their boastful appearance, propose to defeat the right and welfare of the people, through political conspiracy.

Mr. Hall: Your honor, I object to all this on the part of the witness.

Counsel for the plaintiff: Your honor, the Corporation Counsel had asked the witness to tell him what the devil looked like. Is not that the question?

"Yes, it is," said the judge.

Mr. Herren: Madam, go on, tell us what he does, the people want to know it.

Witness: His royal highness of the satanic region has a standing army of shameless law-breakers, whose business is robbery and oppression of the human race in all parts of the world, from the low-down promoter of a mineral wild cat, to a corporation of wireless telegraphy. They are generally vigorous and fat-

looking, destructive of the interests of the human race. They are charging over the poor, the feeble and weak minded; they are bringing conflict among the human race, they are ruling and commanding in commercial jealousy and stand in a marching line of readiness to defy the law as you do. Do you not see that you are not a free man under the oppression of your money king that is burning you at both ends? Your eminent intellectual forces cannot grasp it. You would not otherwise try to attack the reputation of a poor victim of your trust, kept here ten days under your cross-examination for the sole purpose of reversing the case, to exonerate your money kings from paying damages for property lost after they have robbed me of my life story. Of course it is worthless to them, worthless to you, but worth to me half a century of life spent to save lives of others. A million of pains of my own flesh and bone, millions of tears from my own heart, thousand of sleepless nights through the thundering mourning voice of human suffering, begging and begging for relief until my heart melted with sensitiveness and grew larger and larger to make comfort and room for them all.

Mr. Hall: I wish this to be all stricken out.

The Court: It may stand, and the jury may be the judge.

Mr. Hall: Madam, will you stand it a little longer?

A. Yes sir, I am strong enough to stay here until you have searched my life through from the cradle to this day, and you may attack me personally or professionally, no matter which, so as to exonerate your corporation from keeping my life story five years more. Your heart, sir, is merciless, regardless, shameless, closed entirely to all human sympathy and pity. You have given your heart, your soul, your conscience to this work to persecute the weak, to drag them down low before the public.

I thank you for all your humiliations and persecution. You have burned me to test me and you have

found me pure. You have tried to make me weak, but you have made me strong. You have tried to tarnish my character, but you will make me shine as the morning sun, and you will leave me serene as the glorious, perfumed morning of June. With all this, remember, if you are ever so big through your money king, you are born a naked man and you will return to your grave naked. Your children and grandchildren will laugh over your money-making; they will saturate your memory with ridicule, and there will be no one to weep for you.

The corporation counsel turned pale. "Your honor, I object to all this," as he turned to ask for a glass of water.

Mr. Herren: Is she not answering the question you asked her?

Mr. Hall: Am I to be put on the witness stand like this, your honor?

The Court: If the witness can stand it you should be able to do it.

Mr. Hall: Well, your honor, am I not entitled to some protection here?

Mr. Herren: You do not give the poor witness any protection from your malicious questions.

The Court: Come, come gentlemen, I shall have to insist that counsel address the court. Let us proceed in an orderly way. I think the witness is answering the question that is asked of her.

Mr. Hall: Madam, why did you leave Africa?

A. I have given you full explanation that I left on account of my broken health, when my life had been despaired of by several of our French medical men, who finally advised me to return to my native land. I did so and recovered, much to their surprise.

Mr. Hall: Have you any credentials?

A. Yes sir, my diploma and license are just now unfolded by my counsel, Mr. Herren, and if you kindly do not object I would like the jurymen to see them.

They are not a copy, but are original documents, signed by forty teachers of Chicago, most of them still alive.

The corporation counsel looked grave. He had been informed by Dr. Flayk of Longton and the agent of the express company that Mrs. Flayk had no credentials, and he showed his disappointment as he looked at the documents.

Witness: Gentlemen of the jury, you may look at these credentials. You all know that a hundred worthless and annoying questions have been asked me over and over again during this trial, when I was attacked as to why I left Africa and why I came to this country, I told the corporation counsel that I left on account of my lost health, lost on account of the hardships endured in a tropical country under a burning sun, where only comparatively few people survive. The credentials that I brought from Africa were from the governor and the major general of the French army, with additional letters of introduction to the faculty of medicine in Paris as well as in Chicago.

The corporation counsel has told the jury not to be in sympathy with the lady, to beware of all feeling and expression of sympathy, because he is like the soulless corporation that he is representing, no heart for anything but grabbing and greed, using all kinds of ways possible to overcome the weak or the feeble-minded. This representative of over-capitalization of twenty-four million or more will try to corrupt the human sympathy and judgment of the jurymen, so as to upset the legal proceeding and evade the law. Is this not horrible? It is unconstitutional, because human sympathy is the clearest voice and conscience of the people that these jurymen are representing. It is felt through the human heart, flesh and bone. It is heard through the voice, seen in the glinting of the eye. It is the soul, supreme, powerful, begging, pleading in self defense and demanding protection before the God-man of justice. You are an insult to the human race, and to the entire creation; you are a parasite that bleeds the

poor. You are a monster creeping around the human heart to destroy all national honesty. How dare you attempt to monopolize the human thoughts, the human forces of the good, to defy the law? Do you not hear the master voice speaking, the human truth of the living God? But in this simple case the jurymen understand the first importance of their duty toward their fellowmen. The enlightenment of their consciences is beyond your understanding. It is supreme. Their feeling for the good of humanity is not for one sex alone, but purely and simply for the fraternal sisterhood and brotherhood of mankind. This is a supreme gift and you shall not destroy it. It is not a reason because your trust knows it can grind up the life of the people in shop or factory, or smother them by the hundreds in the mining regions, that a corporation counsel has right to employ all technical means to mislead and oppress his victims, regardless of anything so long as he exonerates his corporation.

Stop this! Stop this! You are breeding future disaster and dishonesty for the human race. You are making socialists and revolutionists by the thousand. You know I am telling you the truth, and you are accused by your own victim, still alive and breathing in agonizing pain, pleading with the world and the grand jury for justice. Is it not true? I defy you to deny your persecution. I will speak aloud so the world may hear it. It is not because your trust knows it can pay high dividends to your stockholders that you are to crush me here under your battery like a criminal in the sweat-box, so as to evade the penalty of carelessness. You are forcing me, sir, to tell you these things through your conduct, but I am fearless of your combine. I want nothing. I am in need of nothing, not even a political job from you. I have given all I have, and I can give more because He will give me more. So I am not hungry or thirsty for anything from you. I can laugh in your face to my hearts' content and speak to you face to face like a mother would speak to her son

and with a stern voice and a pitiful tone at the same time. Why not stop this injustice and savagery on the part of your so-called semi-civilization?

Mr. Hall: Your honor, this woman is playing with us. I move that this argument be all stricken out.

Witness: Well, your honor, the corporation counsel has all the privilege and the license to play with the law, but I have none, not even the right to defend myself.

Mr. Herren: I submit that it may stand, your honor. Counsel has brought it out by asking her these questions, and she has a right to explain and defend herself the best that she knows how as she was insulted in this court through a worthless and malicious question.

Witness: The world is awakening to the present and future problems. It is understood that you can defy the law because the law will protect you and not the private individual. Your combinations are tolerated with all kinds of privileges and you have abused them. Your grafting and bribing are understood; you are defying everything that has the appearance of law so as to gain your end in safety. Your system is to frame everything for the occasion and the purpose you have in view. You have a jury only as a formality before the public's eye for legal appearance and as a formal procedure, but in your own heart and soul you know from the beginning to the ending how far you can twist the technicality of a jurisdictional system, to dissolve and annul a verdict. Is it not true? I shall defy you to deny it. After you have disgracefully attacked the character of your victim with a frying cross-examination, as you would treat a criminal, then you ask your flying squadron of the press to assist you before the public. Be thankful if they are not called such bad names as you often apply to the laboring class that ask for shorter hours. Their leaders are called anarchists, undesirable citizens, dangerous socialists, but

you are a licensed, polished law-breaker, protected by the law. Is it not true? I am telling you this fairly, gently, gracefully, without the least malice. My mother's breast still overflows with the milk of human kindness and righteousness. The corporation counsel has gone so far as to invade the constitution of this fairy land of the free, intruding upon the rights of citizenship. He wishes you to have ears but not to hear, eyes but not to see, conscience but no feeling. Is it not dreadful to try such a thing for financial purposes? All this policy of postponing on the part of the corporation is with the deliberate purpose to ruin, to starve, to freeze the victim until she succumbs. Is not this criminal enough to suit these gentlemen's purposes? It is blasphemy against the father and the mother of creation, an insult to God. Anything to deceive! Anything to veil your criminal carelessness so that you may look like a well dressed wolf in sheep's clothing for parade day. Anything, big or small, that is capable of producing dividend. It is a delay of evolution of mankind, and a curse for coming generations.

Mr. Hall: Your honor, I beg and request that you have all this testimony stricken out, as it is absolutely immaterial to us.

Mr. Herren: It is because of your own asking, and I do not know why you object to it. Your honor, I submit that it may stand.

Court: Yes, it is right; it is immaterial to us and the jury may be the judge.

Mr. Hall: Exception. Madam, were these love affairs in your book your own experiences?

Witness: It is an abstract from the real living and suffering battle of life, that you have never seen and perhaps never will see. Would this be your main point of attack to exonerate your trust from paying damages? I beg of you, sir, to remember that this story is a true monument of human life, the story of the work of the human heart, and the struggle of the human soul, through a dark African life without any reward, and

this life has been built brick by brick, carried one by one, day by day, year by year, until my youthful body became hump-backed. This courageous life, sir, would shame a hundred men like you.

Mr. Hall: Your honor, I object.

Witness: I have told you these things in answer to your questions. You have accused me of having many love affairs in my book, as if this would make the story worthless. You have attacked me from all points, by endeavoring to belittle the value of my work. What is your privilege? Where are your credentials to pass beyond all limit of legal courtesy and etiquette? Your audacity has gone far enough.

Mr. Hall: Now, your honor, I object to this lecture by the witness.

Mr. Herren: I should think that the witness might lecture the counsel in self defense.

Mr. Hall: I move that the lecture be stricken out, as being only the conclusions of the witness.

Court: It may stand.

To which ruling the corporation, by its counsel, then and there duly excepted.

Witness: Shall I proceed, your honor?

Court: Yes, you may.

Witness: The wounded came to me by the hundreds, having fallen one by one, with bleeding wounds for me to care for. After stopping their pain and suffering in all the ways possible I tried to make for them a paradise of cheerfulness to make them forget their misery. They were grateful, they thanked me and prayed that they might meet me in paradise. Many of them trusted me with the last messages for their living beloved ones, which messages I always faithfully delivered. For them I have built a memorial in my own heart, a sanctuary wherein to pray for them.

This is the life of my life, the love of my love. I could love them by the thousands. It was my soul's privilege, and they were all mine.

Mr. Hall: I object, your honor, to this, as being all immaterial to us.

Court: Objection excepted.

Mr. Hall: Madam, through your traveling experiences, you really must be a lover of adventure.

Witness: The corporation counsel has attacked all my adventures and traveling as if a corporation has the right to even control the traveler. You have told me that I did well to spend \$3,000 while ill in Hot Springs, instead of publishing my book.. Next time I may ask the permission from your combine. Now, sir, I beg of you to remember you are speaking to a woman and your insult has passed beyond all legal courtesies or etiquette. I beg of you to not forget that you are born of a woman, and, if I am born in the frame of a woman and am being forced by your carelessness to be on the witness stand today, it is no reason for you to make insinuating remarks. The man who insults a woman insults his own mother, the Divine providence, and the mother of creation. (Turning to the judge.) I wish to say to your eminency that at one time it took very courageous souls to risk their lives to come to this great country and discover this vast fairy land of America, to which we owe so much. The first valiant souls that planted the glorious emblem of the free, such as our noble Father Marquette, De La Salle, De Soto, the valiant General La Fayette, that assisted in realizing its freedom, inspired the spirit that we prize so highly.

These heroes of the past are not dead but living in our own hearts with a sweet memory. Do you mean to call all these men in sarcasm "adventurers"? Was not Christopher Columbus an adventurer? Do you object to the ambitious student of life, the traveling genius of the world, in search of universal education for the betterment of humankind? Those who love freedom and traveled the world in search of it, those who came to this land to live under the constitution of the free, those to whom you and I are indebted—do you mean to call

them adventurers? I beg of you not to do so, else you insult me again, and I shall pierce you with my sword until you beg for mercy. I am their pure-blooded granddaughter, a woman of honor that comes from noble ancestors, that fought many a thousand years for their freedom. They are my valiant heroes that have inspired me to work for the general good of all, and I shall fight for them until I am breathless. Sir, you may insult me, poor, defenseless woman, but you cannot insult the sweet valiant memory of these ancestors. I am the heiress of these noble souls, and I am to finish today the work they left yesterday. Their life and their example are my religious books, of literal inspiration, the blood of these valiant men is hot in my veins, pulsating for the good of all. Their passed life of yesterday is my life of today. Their constitution is my religion. Their valiant, undying spirit fills me with courage. They have given their lives for the good of humanity, and I am to carry on their work, their faith, their courage to the ending of my life.

Mr. Hall: Your honor, I object to the argument of the witness.

Court: Objection excepted.

Mr. Herren: I submit that the witness may be allowed to explain some questions, being treated as she has been by the corporation counsel. To think of a corporation counsel telling her that she had better spend a few thousand dollars in Hot Springs, lying down sick in the hospital, rather than publish her book! Then again he accused her of loving adventure, as if a woman like her, that was hunting writing material to enlighten the world, would have no right to do so without his permission. Would he dare to call adventures the fifty thousand men that came from France so gallantly with Rochambeau by the land and Simons by the sea to give the deathblow to the British army, so as to bring the possibility of the termination of the American struggle for liberty that we prize so highly? If the historic memories of these glorious days were brought forth by

the witness she may have had the right to use her knowledge and remembrance of the heroes of liberty. The gallant colleague of George Washington, that youthful volunteer hero, the Marquis La Fayette, was a naturalized American by act of the legislature of the state of Virginia and an enlisted soldier of the United States army, and he pledged his life in devotion to the land of liberty. If you had seen the English marching between that long alley of French and American soldiers, to lay down their arms on this glorious day of October, 1781. If you could imagine the beating of the hearts of these victorious sons of liberty, you would have been more lenient to a Frenchwoman on the witness stand. You seemed to think that she stood there just for the pleasure of being humiliated by you, after you had searched her life through and through, probed her heart down deep, and thrown her life story away with anger. I should request of you, gentlemen of the jury, gentlemen of the court, a vote of thanks for the patience and the courage the witness has demonstrated to you all.

The defendant in this case is one of the largest corporations in the world and the plaintiff is a woman who is suing that corporation for the recovery of her manuscript, that was delivered by her to the defendant, and accepted by it to be transferred in ordinary course. The court will probably inform you that an express company is a common carrier and is liable for the safe delivery of the property entrusted to it for transportation, and it will not be excused for the loss of that property unless it has been caused by the act of God, or of a common enemy, that it, an enemy of the public. Those are the only things that will excuse that corporation from not delivering that manuscript. They took the manuscript in the first week of November, 1905, and have had it in their possession ever since, without making any tender of it to the author. They undertook the transportation of it to Longton, Kansas, but they have

absolutely treated the defendant as though they were under no obligation to her whatever.

This book, whatever may be said of it, whatever flings and insinuations are aimed at this document, by the corporation's counsel, one thing is to be remembered, that it represents the plaintiff's own life story. It contains a history of one of the most remarkable lives, possibly, that ever a young girl lived through; it tells of her existence in a foreign country; it tells of her birth, her life, as she passed through it, the privations that beset her at every step of her journey from the earliest period to the time she reached Chicago; and the very fact that it is so human, so close to the truth, so real, so remarkable in that respect, is what makes it valuable to her and valuable to the world, as it would be if it were given to the light; but this soulless corporation has kept it from her maliciously.

(Corporation's counsel here entered objection as to an appeal to the prejudice of the jury; but the court overruled the objection.)

If the gentleman can show me that this corporation has got a soul, why, then, I will withdraw the remark but my education has always been and is to this day, that a corporation is an artificial person, which exists by the fiction of the law, and it has often been defined as a soulless individual.

They took that manuscript into their possession, received their pay for transmitting it, and yet they never transmitted it. It never reached its place of destination, they claim. It was held in their possession for five years, and the first time since delivering it that she sees it is here, in a mutilated condition. The corporation's counsel comes into the room and offers it, makes a tender before you, gentlemen of the jury. Of course, counsel will attempt to defame the merits of the document, and to say something prejudicial of the plaintiff. Those things will be necessary to appeal to your prejudice; it will be necessary for him to give you some excuse for the dereliction of his client in its failure to

discharge the duty that is imposed upon it by the law and common honesty.

Now, gentlemen, they have absolutely failed to discharge their duty required by the law; we say that by reason of this failure, they have damaged us. How have they damaged us? You gentlemen will want to know. We are damaged because this manuscript has been mutilated; a large portion of it has been extracted. We have been damaged because, when this manuscript was prepared for publication, we had the money to publish it. And we haven't got it now!

We are damaged because the manuscript represents the work of a human being through the toil of her life, as she worked and hired stenographers to prepare this manuscript for publication, that it might be transmitted to posterity, and be given to the world with the value of the life experience that is embodied in this manuscript.

He will say it is worthless; of course it might be worthless to him. He will show that the company is to be excused from damages, because it is worthless. He will tell you that she is not entitled to any consideration. That is always the reply of the corporation to the individual whose property they have taken and lost, although they were bound to treat it with sacredness and transmit it to its place of destination. That is the only excuse he can give you.

There are two things that this company, the defendant, the corporation, never fails to do, and one is they never fail to collect for the transmission of every package that is given to them; and they never pay for one when it is lost, if they can help it.

But they took the manuscript, and they claimed afterwards, that sometime in the spring of 1906, they found it. They have never given to you any very definite idea of how they found it; they claimed that their agent went to the house that Mrs. Flayk used to live in and found it; they evidently will try to argue by innuendo that Mrs. Flayk stole her own manuscript

from the express company, AND THEY WILL TRY TO MAKE YOU BELIEVE THAT. That will be their theory. What on God Almighty's earth would Mrs. Flayk steal her own manuscript for? To avoid the payment of the express charges? Why, they were already paid! What would she do it for? For the purpose of getting a suit against this corporation, and come here and go through the trials and tribulations that she would have to, with opposing counsel ready to treat her as a criminal on the witness stand? No, but, gentlemen of the jury, counsel for the corporation will stand up here and have the temerity to tell you and ask you to believe it, that she purloined that manuscript from the company. That is one of the flimsiest defenses that the corporation is driven to, in order to avoid a settlement for fair damages, with a woman whose manuscript they have lost.

What is the character of the witnesses that they bring in here? You will remember the little incident that occurred in court when Mr. Metzger and Mr. Heffingwell appeared and presented this document to me. When I asked Mr. Metzger if I didn't tell him where Mrs. Flayk was and to go and present to her the manuscript, he said no. I asked him if the manuscript that he offered me was the same manuscript that was delivered to the company, and he said it was. I asked him how he knew it was, and he said because they claimed it was. Then I said: "Because they claimed it was?" "Yes sir." You are willing to swear that it was the same." "Yes sir." Because some agent said it was the same manuscript, he was willing to come into court and swear that it was the same.

Now, this other man, Mr. Heffingwell, testified, you remember, that I told him that Mrs. Flayk resided at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Now, the other fellow didn't state that; he could not remember that I had told him where she lived. This man that could remember the fact was willing to tell the truth about it; they were not going to put him on the witness stand, and I had

to call him to the witness stand myself. You can rest assured that what Heffingwell told you was true. Why did they not go to Hot Springs, Ark., and give Mrs. Flayk her package, or pay her for it? This case has been pending four years, and they have never attempted to deliver her manuscript in that length of time. When they brought it into court and made a tender of it here in your presence, we were anxious to see it. Their counsel said, "We will only permit it to be done, if it is done, in the presence of one of our men or our agents." Why? Did he suppose that I was going to steal or mutilate the manuscript just for the purpose of this suit? Did he suppose that Mrs. Flayk or somebody else was going to do something with that manuscript? That can be the only inference that can be had, why we should have a guard to stand over us while we were reading the manuscript. We are not only treated, gentlemen of the jury, in this case, as though we had no property interest in that manuscript, but as though the company had no right to compensate us for it, or to trust us with it, and that we were trying to steal our own property.

Gentlemen of the jury, the corporation has absolutely no consideration for Mrs. Flayk, or for the value of her manuscript. They are only in court by their counsel, attempting to defeat her in getting what she is justly entitled to, because of their negligence of duty and refusal to deliver. They are a quasi-public institution. They undertake to transmit packages and parcels for the public, and if they lose the property or lose the package, then, gentlemen of the jury, they must recoup in damages. Gentlemen, there is but one thing to do, and that is, to estimate the amount of damages that they are to pay this woman for the loss of her manuscript. Counsel on the other side will endeavor to tell you that this manuscript is no good. He took certain passages and read them disconnectedly so that it would give an improper impression to your minds. When you take this manuscript and read it

through, you will see that material parts are not there, and that it is in a disconnected and fragmentary shape, yet you will see through it the troubles and tribulations of life that this little woman has passed through. He offers in evidence that phrase, "The truth in spite of the devil." He thinks that that will prejudice your minds, but when you glean the facts from this manuscript, you will learn of the privations of this little woman, as she passed through life, from France to Africa, where among the ignorant savages, under the Divine sanction of her church, she endeavored to up-build mankind, and to administer to their wants and sufferings. You will see how she struggled against oppression, and how, when the phalanxes of the devil were surrounding her, it was through the great, white principal of truth that she succeeded in the work related in this history.

As to the damages, gentlemen, you have a right to compute the time and the labor that she has expended in the preparation of this manuscript, which embraces a period of many years; also to take into consideration the employment of stenographers in the preparation of the work and the work of translating the book, which was first written in French, into English; also to consider the value of that manuscript to her in dollars and cents, if it had been published and given to the public; and give to her, after you have taken all of these things into consideration, such damages as you think she is entitled to. You have the right, likewise, to give exemplary or punitive damages which will be defined to you by his Honor, at the time of the reading of his instructions.

Bear in mind that they have practically admitted the receipt of the package. They have admitted keeping it in their possession since November, 1905, which will soon be five years, and it is still in their possession, and will remain so until this lawsuit is finally disposed of, meanwhile the plaintiff is deprived of any benefits she might derive from the publication and sale of it.

After the court instructed the jury they retired to the seclusion of the jury-room to deliberate on their verdict. It took some time before they began to do any business. They passed cigarettes and the cigars to one another; they walked by twos and threes back and forth through the room, enjoying the fragrance which stimulated their thoughts. The one cigarette smoker held out for a small verdict. He passed his cigarettes in endeavor to ascertain the views and tastes of his colleagues on the great nicotine question and the decision of the case. After he had ascertained these he passed them no more. The gentlemen were seated around the table, balancing themselves in their chairs, when the silence was broken by a slight hammering on the table by the foreman of the jury, Mr. A. M. Tilton, a well established Chicago business man. He called the jury to order and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, before we undertake any business, those of you who think the plaintiff has been wrongly persecuted by the corporation and through their agents robbed of her life's story, please arise."

Eleven of these men arose and stood silently for a few moments, after which they seated themselves and the discussion of the case began. The majority of them were for large damages. But they were opposed by one determined man, who was resolved never to give in, and who stood in the way of an agreement for twenty-four hours and fifteen minutes.

They took one hundred ballots before they could bring that man over to their way of thinking.

These eleven jurymen understood the case perfectly. They had heard all the fiery talk and the cross-examination by the corporation counsel. They understood thoroughly that plot of conspiracy, and they did their work to the best of their ability.

Honor and praise are due to these good, honorable, truthful Chicago jurymen. Their feelings and sympathies were not controlled by dollars and cents. They

obeyed the masterful commanding voice of their conscience.

After long and conscientious wrestling with the evidence they returned into court (March 16, 1909) and their verdict was: "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty and assess the plaintiff's damages in the sum of \$3,000."

In July, 1908, after a long deliberation, the judge set the verdict of the jury aside and granted a new trial to the defendant.

CHAPTER XII.

DOUBLE TRIUMPH AND VINDICATION.

The second trial, against one of the largest express companies in the world, for the recovery of the famous manuscript entitled "The Truth in Spite of the Devil," came on in the superior court of Cook county, Illinois, January 5th, 1911.

The trial was conducted with the same technical proceedings as before. The attitude of the corporation's counsel was less tyrannical and oppressive toward the plaintiff on the witness stand, than on the previous trial.

He had been defeated on the first trial, and he knew that the plaintiff had before her all the rays of sunshine and truth to meet his attack on every side. Her mental forces were in readiness to overcome the dramatic conspiracy brought on by professional jealousy.

The only shadow of defense the corporation's counsel could produce against the plaintiff was based upon his ingenuity of mind. The eminent counsel keenly displayed all his legal, artful tactics in inventing and manufacturing a defense. This brigadier brought into court a squadron of employes, from the general manager of staff, superintendent, and assistant superintendent, down to the messenger boy and the stenographer, and put them on the witness stand to assist him. His chevaliers d'industrie, or private detectives, are useful to him in emergency, and are paid by the year, to gather together all material necessary to carry on their multitudinous litigation.

But the plaintiff could not be and never would be defeated by them. She royally, queenly, peaceably stood on the solid foundation of truth, the fortress that could withstand successfully all the attacks of mali-

cious conspirators. Her life or endurance, in the most obscure soil of Africa, which could kill people by the score, left her intact, immune. The assassin who followed her from place to place with murderous language, for months, could never make her turn her face aside. The hand that poisoned her food for months still had accomplished nothing. The venomous tongue that tried to lower her standing, or to tarnish and stain her honor, failed to make good. She will live in the hearts of the people, when her enemies are forgotten.

The corporation's counsel allowed few facts of truth to appear in the case. The evidence was blockaded before the jury by piling up objections that were sustained by the court. Many things that would enlighten the jurymen were objected to as immaterial and struck out of the record.

The corporation had finally absolutely nothing reasonable in its defense against the plaintiff, in spite of all the assistance given by its satellites. These faithful employes are always willing and too willing to assist their masters.. It is a pitiful thing to see human lives consumed, poisoned and rendered mentally helpless and defenseless, for the purpose of financial greed. Of all the employes of the express company that swore to falsehoods, the express agent, Phelps, of Longton, took the prize. It would have been impossible for the jurymen to understand anything about the case, from his testimony, if they could not read between the lines, so as to solve this problematic farce of persecution.

Mr. Herren, counsel for plaintiff, cross-examined him.

Q. Phelps, when did you first see the manuscript at Longton?

A. I never saw it.

Q. Why did you notify the plaintiff her manuscript had arrived, and to come to the depot and get it?

A. (tremblingly). It is some—some six years ago that this thing happened; I can't remember of it.

Q. How is it that you remember so well the num-

ber of the train and the date of the day, and that that particular package didn't arrive there, and still you found it there? Has any one spoken to you about it?

A. No.

Q. Have you received any information from the messenger of the express company, or the counsel?

A. No.

Q. Or spoken to Dr. Flayk about it?

A. No, I didn't speak about it, because it was none of his business.

In his address to the jury Mr. Herren said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, we have been somewhat handicapped in this trial by the strenuous objections of counsel in his efforts to suppress the truth in this case and to keep the facts from you, but nevertheless, gentlemen, we believe that the truth will prevail, and that you can realize our position and our rights in this long and expensive litigation.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, we will soon find out, through the instructions, we will be able to see the interpretation of the law, prepared, well done and brown all over by the corporation, and slice by slice distributed carefully by the corporation's counsel on a gold platter, dished accordingly to the people or the jury. The people may take it all for a time, for technically speaking it looks nice, it appears good and it is well-cooked food, after having had its immunity bath. Still, I fear greatly the underlying of the ptomaine poisoning; the people may get sick of it. It will become danegrous, epidemic. Beware! "If the people of the land of the free will become conscious once of their power, the people can upset the whole system in one afternoon tea-party.

Mr. Herren's voice rang through the courtroom like a gigantic note of a musical truth.

"If our brave and valiant corporation's counsel wins this case—and all the corporation counsels boast that they cannot afford to lose any case—let him be the winner from the beginning to the ending, whatever we will get out of this; but one thing we are go-

ing to get, gentlement of the jury, that is, a true vindication over the clique of conspirators, over a farcical litigation built to make out a defense to excuse and exonerate themselves for losing this woman's life story, a story valuable to the world, because it was simple, clean, true, telling of a life of long services for the suffering world, in dark and uncivilized Africa. Her life, through and through, has been proved honorable, useful, untarnished.

"Now, I leave it to you what you can make out of these witnesses, and if you look at that weak face of Phelps, and think of his weak voice, contradicting himself at every turn, you can easily judge a weak mind, without doubt easily controlled or prostituted through bribery. Beware of the tempting monster that hands you a bribe that will ruin your life and disgrace your family and buy your soul from you. That is what that villain of Longton did with this man Phelps. Gentlemen of the jury, they may tell you that the presiding judge is the head in the court; they may tell you that the two opposite counsel are the limbs of the court, that are doing the fighting, but I say to you this: You are also a part of the court, and the court depends on you as much as you depend on it; and furthermore you are, gentlemen of the jury, the very soul of the court, and the plaintiff has a right to demand of you a verdict, as it is your duty to do justice to all the children of men, who are pleading their cause before you. You are entrusted, commanded, ordered by the state, and bound by your own oaths as jurymen, to do justice to all. Now, I have but a few moments longer with you, and I want to say this: You are here representing the people of the state. You are their very conscience, and the state expects of you the performance of the most important part of the law. When you go to your jury room, look well into your hearts; you have the right; you have the power, you have the mission; it is your duty to do the right thing, and we are expecting that of you. When you will have done that, this little woman will ask of

you nothing more, for she is not here for the dollars and the cents, but she is here for a personal, honorable vindication from malicious persecution. And she will thank you, godly men, for justice rendered to her."

The court instructed.

The jury received the instructions very silently and impressively, and retired to the jury room to consider their verdict, and after a half hour's deliberation, they returned into court and rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, for the sum of \$3,500, which verdict was rendered on the 10th day of January, 1911.

Book III.

Roses and Thorns of Human Life.

A GENTLE WARNING TO THE PRINCE OF ROBBERS.

When the Prince got through stealing and came to his castle, he finally had nothing but money. No affection! No friends! No digestion! No assimilation!

Restless in mind and body, he walked up and down, in his spacious, richly furnished studio, passing his right hand over his forehead repeatedly, as if searching deeply in his mind for a new idea.

At length he suddenly stopped to look around him. He saw nothing but piles of money glittering everywhere. He sighed heavily with disgust.

"Here it is! What of it! What can I do now?"

And he turned away his head to the window, and looked down the street, where he saw a multitude of people, like bees, walking fast, hurriedly up and down.

"Oh, Life, oh, Death! I wish I could go to sleep."

As he walked away from the window, he came face to face with his reflection in his looking glass. He saw an old, old, broken down man, physically in his decline, no color in his face or on his lips, no light of life in his eye, a trembling, weak, human frame. He repeatedly sighed, and said: "I wish I could rest, but it seems that I cannot sleep any more. Oh, Rest!" He saw before him an open grave—so near! He shook his head, closed his eyes for a moment, after which he arose smilingly, a new idea in his mind.

"This is a good one! I must put it in practice as soon as possible. Ha ha! After all, I can do a great deal with that money. Give it to the poor, through some charitable institution or library, as a memorial to my fame; providing the real estate gains value, the taxpayer will take care of the institution.

"It's all right, I give the dime for the DOLLARS. I can raise my price on something else, so the people

can never find out how these things are done. Charity is and always has been a valuable advertisement, of graceful and generous appearance, and some people seem to love it.

"I can build many fine institutions, hospitals, sanitariums for the sickly, providing they pay a little something, sometime, before they die.

"I will enlist the best and strongest young men of the country in my standing army, to wage, to invite a commercial war of conquest, to open the Door of China, to conquer the world financially, while the old soldiers will sing patriotism to the people."

"I will have fine institutions to care for the mothers and their children, while the unemployed man will live on the free lunch in the beer halls, with plenty of dog sausage, bought by the yard. What do the people know about food, anyhow?

"If these people need care, we can give it to them; we will have plenty of sanitariums, detention hospitals and insane asylums; they can get the best care there till they die. Is not that charitable work, uplifting of the human kind?" And he raised his eyes in self approval, thinking how the people would appreciate it.

"I can build the finest university of the world, most attractive! Sumptuous! Having all my favorite literature in its library, with my own selection of preacher to carry out my ritual and perpetuate my policies, so that all graduates will be thoroughly learned and equipped to get rich quickly by a variety of ingenious and technical schemes, with complete immunity and protection against all legal attacks.

"The idea is fine. And I am proud of it."

Just then a spotless, fine looking, youthful ghost, in the uniform of a white dragoon, trimmed in gold, appeared before him. Leaning on his sword the apparition said in a strong, accusing voice, full of indignation:

"Ha, ha! You are planning some restitution from the surplus of your robbery, under the disguise of

charity, is it not, so as to breed more confusion and helplessness in the human mind?"

"You are willing to give the dime, with the left hand, so as to assist the right one to get the DOLLARS?"

"And furthermore, you are building wonderful institutions for helpful scientific research into the bacilli that breed disease, while your system is preparing a social soil of corrupt dishonesty, a multiplicity of human tortures, misery and destitution."

"Yes, you need these hospitals for a youthful army of genius, spoiled and maimed and ruined, killed, thirty, forty years before their time, for those starved by long strikes or poisoned by impure food. Certainly you want room also for those you have wounded or crippled for life by your railroads, without pension.

"Have you ever thought for a moment what becomes of the daughter of the poor man you have killed, whose widow you have left helpless and penniless? Have your hospital directors ever inquired as to whatever became of that brave, heroic nurse who aided them until her health became defective, that nurse who lay her dying head on my left arm, while I wrote her last message, which spelled obscurity, poverty, destitution?"

"You are certainly in need of a good preacher and advocate of the Anti-Race Suicide, but you must tell him, at the same time, where are your provisions made for the fatherless, or encouragement and protection for the motherless!"

"Stop! Stop giving stones to those that ask for bread. It is right to get rich, with the people's commonwealth—but it is wrong to die rich—you said.

"Why did you not build your memorial in the hearts of men? You would have had greater fame.

"Now, I am standing here before you to ask you to do justice to those whom you have made to suffer so long, the children of those from whom you have stolen life, of those that grew desperate until they

went to their graves from physical and mental torture. It is those who appeal to me and keep me awake, make me so restless with indignation! These victims call me out from my peaceful resting place!

"Mark well this warning. Unless you restore to your victims that which you have taken away from them, your ideal restitution will be vain!"

"I am standing here as a Royal Messenger of the People's rights and cause. They have entrusted me with this mission, and I have pledged myself to the living and dead, at all the risk. All these victims, dead and alive, are pleading that justice be done to them. They want to know what right you have to dispose of the blood of their children for commercial purposes, what right have you to take their lives for your glory.

"Unless you return to the people their property rights, as well as their personal rights, that you have taken away, and leave them the right to live on earth, I see before you future disaster.

"Unless you return to Caesar what belongs to Caesar, beware! Unless you return to the people, that which belongs to the people, beware!

"Oh! I see your clothing spotted with the blood of your victims.

The Prince of Robbers trembled! Horrified, and quivering, he staggered to reach a chair and fainted.

The ghostly spirit vanished, and faintly from the distance came the words:

"Beware! Beware!"

THE MAN-CHRIST OF TODAY.

I call the Man-Christ that white slave crushed down and called "Labor," that has to give long hours in the shop, factory, or behind the engine, deep down in the burning infernal coal mine, covered with dust and sweat, exposed to the dangers of death every minute in the day and often in the night, and that earns hardly enough to keep body and soul together, with little hope to save enough as provision for a rainy day, or to pay the bills that come to the family in case of disaster, death or long illness.

This Man-Christ, that bleeds on the cross every day so as to give enough bread to his little ones, is constantly crucified.

Great mines cremate poor toilers alive, without proper provision made against such a disaster, or anything paid for sacrificed human life without going through eternal litigation. Still these mines are paying millions of dollars annually to their stockholders.

Human life seems to them to be almost cheaper than timber. This reminds me of a certain mine in Alaska; they lost men in the caving in of the mine, if no outsider had known to the contrary, the men were reported to have quit the work. At another mine they had blanks in readiness for the worker to fill out so that in case of his death the company would not be responsible.

Is it not cunning? Of course you all know that it is useless to make an attempt to demand any damage, for a jury trial will be refused.

I have tried to revive men that were asphyxiated by carbonic acid gas. I have seen a man hanging, dying, twisted to death by a live wire in a few minutes. His family received not even the cost of his

funeral. I have seen a plumber fall in a tank of hot burning glue and get scalded to death in a few minutes and the court in a suit for damages refused a jury to the widow, fearing she might get a verdict.

These are truthful facts in the worker's life, and it is this man's personal and social condition that inspires me, forces me, compels me to bring these facts before the world's general knowledge to appeal to thinking and reasoning power for a provision for the betterment for all.

Many an accomplished, skillful genius has been deprived of the fruits of his invention. His ideas have been stolen and appropriated by large concerns. And these historic facts are known only to the victims of the unscrupulous robberies.

The son of toil has been misrepresented socially and politically by the political and financial boss, who has used his own votes as a whip upon him. For the last thirty years, he has been fed with promises disregarded, maliciously implicated in riot, harrassed and victimized by a system that is constantly undermining by plot and conspiracy, through a flying squadron of detectives and press men that are money slaves, his efforts for betterment, their grand aim being to bring conflict among bodies of organized labor, to keep them constantly divided so they may be helpless to place any of their own representatives in power.

The money kings fear that the union of the labor bodies will upset their system. As a matter of fact, if these bodies of millions of men could be harmonized to join in one mass they would certainly and surely conquer the people's common enemy by a general opposition. But the bosses hope to come to the final dissolution of labor bodies, so that they may reign forever unchallenged on their throne.

How long will the son of toil remain to be led, dictated to, imposed upon and fed with a great big full dinner pail overflowing with emptiness? You may remain powerless as long as you allow traitor intruders into your body to bring conflict and to keep

you divided into shreds. Unity means force, unless you are united you will remain defenseless and powerless.

Take a certain gentleman of leisure, who has never worked and never will, yet must live on the fat of the land. He never sympathizes with the worker, he never comes to see the work or how it is done. Still he does incorporate all stocks and sells them by means of his flying squadrons of agents. He has worthless stock that he would like to dispose of. On the other hand there is much good and valuable stock, but most of it has been sold out at a high price. His object is to get hold of stock at as low a price as possible. But how to do this is the question. People generally do not like to sell back their good stocks at a low price. The gentleman has to find out some way to intimidate them and make them sell out as low as possible. It is then he finds labor trouble useful, and he proceeds to create and promote it.

Strike breakers are imported and kept in readiness for an emergency call. The laborers are informed that they must submit to an unjust reduction of wages. The detective's flying squadron is ordered to get to work, first to bring conflict, second to divide the laborers, third to influence the striker, and before one-third of the labor body is informed of any conflict matter or had any right to bring any suggestion the strike is on.

The union men are called out from their work without knowing why, the strike breakers arrive by carloads to fill their places. The press of the gentleman that is at home doing the mischief gets out millions of copies, telling all about the labor trouble and the "revolutionary conditions" in the mining region. This sensational literature causes anxiety and panic among the stockholders. Meanwhile, the gentlemanly "captain of finance" sends orders to his agents to take advantage of the slump and buy as low as possible.

By this time the laborers that have struck have been replaced; they have to stand the struggle no mat-

ter how long and hard. The innocent have to stand for the guilty, the innocent family and baby have to suffer when the food and fuel supply become short or impossible to secure. The people have to live on canned foods that are no good, the baby to depend on cheap canned milk that is not good for it—and that is the finest general cause of all destructive diseases—improper feeding.

On the other hand, Mr. Freight has raised the prices of transportation, as well as food, three to four times the value. The wood has come as high as \$4.00 per cord, the coal \$40.00 per ton, even at that price it can not be gotten only by the small sacks at \$2.00 a piece. Do you wonder that the highway freighter is getting rich quick? Do you understand the reason and all the advantages of an up and down labor trouble? Who gets the profits of this? Who has the key of the five hundred warehouses where billions of barrels of food are kept until it becomes uneatable? Who sells the foods, carries it and regulates the supply of it?

The railroads have now invaded all the places abounding in the best natural resources, both land, mineral and water. They know the people are at their mercy. The remedy for this is for the state to have the entire control of all natural resources, and of the railroads. Millions of valuable oil fields, as well as mineral fields are, for this reason, undeveloped. If the State would become owner of the natural resources these flying squadrons of speculators would be dispersed and the land, forest and water kept away from their grasp.

The high prices in time of strike are thoroughly understood to be a deliberate oppression of the weak by the strong. This is as clear as the broad daylight. It is the chiefest weapon of the boss to oppress, scatter and divide organized labor, so as to keep it in submission.

These things have been demonstrated by some of the past persecutions of labor and its leaders—in

Cripple Creek, Colorado, in 1892, the state of Nevada in 1907. There was the spectacle of three hundred men clubbed down to the jail at Spokane in the fall of 1909, just because the boss objected to organized labor in constitutional meeting.

The eye witness that was in Nevada among the conflicts of 1907, can courageously tell you the truth, without fear of any concern or combine. The supposed conflict came over a dispute of two men threatening each other's life in a public cafe, when one of them shot at the other, perhaps in self-defense. This almost ordinary occurrence in that region was pictured as a great labor conflict, and the press of fiction poisoned the world with a general attack on all laborers as undesirable citizens. They carried out this distortion to the most ridiculous points. Some of the papers that came from Switzerland and other countries in Europe kept telling us of a great many fearful things done in the State of Nevada. The report must have been frightful to them as it was amusing to us.

Finally, the troops were ordered there to meet the supposed emergency and to protect the property of those who feared great disaster. If there was any disaster, we never saw it. If there was any property destroyed, we are sure that the gentleman that was behind the manufactured agitation, doing all the mischief, would not have been in any danger, for he never exposed his bone or flesh in such a dreadful country, and it would have been too dangerous for him to come; these places are places for the white slave to dig ore for him, to sack and to sell, and he unites with his freight partner to bleed the victim till he bleeds no more.

This gentleman is well protected to carry on his plans against his victims. He is well sheltered through his social and political influence to carry out his systematic financial plotting and swindling, known only to few.

If you had seen the troops coming into that so-

called revolutionary place as quiet, as sad, as lonely as restful as a graveyard! When the troops were ordered in, you could see them smiling at each other interrogatively, hear them saying whisperingly: "What farce, what shame, what fake is this?"

Thus the juggling in stocks is one cause of false accusations against the son of toil.

The idea and aim of the boss is to keep them divided so they may not succeed in successfully opposing the common enemy. It is thoroughly understood by few, because their representatives have been defeated for the simple reason that they have been unable to harmonize and they never will unless they are organized against the conspirators who keep them divided. It seems even useless for them to try strike after strike as long as their masters can raise the price of living. Of course a strike is a great financial advantage to those who profit by the increased price of food and transportation.

Who dare deny the fact of these persecutions? Who can destroy the evidence of the forceful statements of truth in the presence of those who cared for these unfortunates, dressed their wounds, cared for their families, signed the birth and death certificates in the same houses, who sat at their table with the painful curiosity to see them eat and live on dog meat—those who stood good for the doctor's druggist's, the undertaker's bills, until the last day of distress, who bought the last and the only sack of coal to be found to be distributed among the poor, who bought the last pound of butter and paid five times its value?

This picture is an attempted one of the real living and suffering persecuted Man-Christ, painted with heart and soul in the depth of the American Desert. These things were done—we have seen them—as they were done in many other mining regions, appalling to the soul of the motherhood, sisterhood, brotherhood of mankind.

Justice must be done sometime and by some power-

ful agency. We hope and pray that this message and fairness and humanity, appeal to the ripened intellectual forces of reasoning.

The truth will arise as the moonlight in the gloomy darkness of night, to bring the message of hope, faith, encouragement to all, enabling children of men to reach their life destination safely.

Let us have faith and hope. There are pure and true men, willing to protect and defend the right and the honor of nations. Let us unite unselfishly into one universal suffrage for the great good to each other and justice to all, for a solid religion of humanity.

We are only one human family, the children of one God, a Supreme Being, all of us with the same wants, the same pain, the same suffering, condemned to the same final death penalty. Let us be united in one for the cause of all, feeling the responsibility toward each other of one family under the same paternal protection, with the same beginning and the same end.

Let us be plain, brave, honorable and more generous, more encouraging toward the working people—for it is from these workers that nations are built, it is the industry of progress throughout the world that alone can bring happiness, the skillful and industrious men that are united to put their shoulders together, to turn the wheel of the world toward the infinite perfection. Yes, it is the man with the grimy face behind the engine or the motor, after without care or encouragement on the part of those who benefit by it, that does the work. The man behind the hot boiler, winter and summer, as well as the man who gathers the crops under the hot sun; the patient telegraph operator, and the hero of the wireless that sends the messages of life and death in spite of disaster, blizzard, or storm on the big seas, these heroes of hardship are the Man-Christ, risking all they have to live for, with a devoted constancy like the youthful hero Jack Binns that stood at his post until everybody was saved.

How can we enjoy life, modern comforts, luxury,

in selfishness, with no thought or practical interest in the noble workers who live in humble circumstances, uncomplainingly? To these men the industrial world owes everything. They are the producers, distributors; they are the ready cash of the people, the financial currency of the day.

Shall we forget the life of the dark African hero? Shall we forget the mining hero of the Desert, that gives more than once his last drop of water to save his partner's life? He shall not be forgotten, no more than the man behind the flag, who guards jealously the honor of the nation before the world.

Honor to all these valiant heroes of the day and hour. From one end of the world to the other, glory is due them. They, in their patriotism and industry, are the true wealth of nations.

HEART CALVARY.

Arise, Oh my Spirit, from thy quiet tomb!
I bid thee, with my magic power,
In winding sheets, with bloody brow,
Rise up, and hear our solemn vow.
I bid thee, with my magic power,
Tell the dark secret of that hour
When cruel hands, in bloody strife,
Closed the sad dream of thy young life.

Higher! Higher! Appearing before thine eyes,
Pale spirit, pale spirit, I command thee rise.
I command thee rise from thy shrouded and shadowy
place,
Shadowy spirit, I charge thee well
By my mystic art's most potent spell,
Bring thou her spirit hither,
To haunt him through his sinful life,
The murdered mortal whom he once called wife.
At midnight hour, glide round his bed,
And chill his heart with a death fear.
Rise at his side, in his gayest hour.
His guilty soul shall feel thy power.
Stand thou before him, in day and night,
And cast o'er his life a darkness blight.

In spite of all thy power. and sin and pride,
Thou shalt ne'er forget thy murdered bride.
Thou shalt tremble, thou shalt obey the pale shadowy
Form. From thee, the ghostly spirit never vanisheth.
Then, thou sinful heart, thy curse begins.

My Spirit, ease the burden of my life.

I am so lonesome.

Do not forsake me, or allow my courage to fail.
But make me strong to bear the pain, more and more,
Until I feel there is no more;
Until I can bear all the blame that is cast upon me.

Give the light of the sun, to carry the sunshine
To all my sufferers in the world,
One by one, by the hundred, by the thousands;
One mass of chorus, harmonized in one tune of
 Goodness,
To make the paradise for all in the Heart,
And be carried out into one everlasting eternity.

CONDEMNATION OF THE KING MAMMON.

HISTORICAL FACTS OF 1793 AND PRESENT PERIOD OF GENERAL REVOLUTION OF THOUGHTS.

The Supreme Court of the people's representatives was in full session, with a large audience, when the Brigadier General brought the King into court that he might hear all the charges against him, His Royal Highness entered the court room attired in a royal cardinal red robe, trimmed with beautiful white and purple. He stood side by side with the Brigadier General Sam, to hear his accusation and sentence, before this great tribunal of the people.

"Your Royal Highness, Prince Regent of all satanic regions, is found guilty, before this court, of general conspiracy against the welfare of the people," said the presiding judge. "We, their faithful representatives, are commanded by them to bring you here, before this great tribunal of justice.

"We, their servants and instructors, who believe in the supreme right and power of the people above all things, have pledged our lives and all our social and personal interests, with heart and soul, until our last breath, and most sacred honor, to defend their cause of divine right. We here demand justice, your Royal Highness, self-appointed, who authoritatively, audaciously usurped their right and daringly abused your privileges, you their official paid servant, and tyrannically concentrated against them all forces, to destroy their power.

"Your Royal Highness has had all the prosperity that you have desired for the last forty years; you have had too long a term and your officials have had too long a term, and it is a danger; you have had perfect control of all the general utilities, profitable to you, including profitable panics.

"Your disciples or leaders have practically advocated a

plutocratic system. These misrepresentatives, accidental or self-appointed imperial dictators, have chosen candidates for the people, knowing that they will oppose the people's will.

"Your Royal Highness has impoverished and demoralized the whole mass, left poverty on one side and money prostitution on the other, so that you could reign on the throne.

"Your Highness, not satisfied to keep the people of your kingdom crushed down helplessly, practices the system of Charles V., that builds prisons to persecute all intelligent minds and geniuses, and builds charitable institutions for the weak ones, so as to keep them weak. But, in this century of reason, this system has become too disastrous and infamous, too injurious to all progress of the human race. It commands the general attention of the entire world, Your Royal Highness imposes on the people for the most necessary things of life. This, as well as your system of storing all food until you have extorted your own price, has brought on social disorder and famine. Your system has become dangerous and you are a traitor, a common enemy of the people, and are accused by them all, from the unborn child in the crowded tenement, where thousands of families are dissolved for want of means of support.

"We, the representatives of the people, with one hand over the heart, and the other over the constitution of the people, declare we must abolish your system. As long as your constitution as a King is tolerated, degrading man through pauperism and as long as your law tolerates some of your financial judiciary bodies, to oppose the will of the people, there will be no change. Have the brave sentinels of Liberty deserted their posts and the sons, the daughters of the revolution fought, bled, died in vain?"

A general murmur was heard through the court, and the King wept, when a beautiful, fascinating lady in black approached the Judge tremblingly and said:

"Your Honor, may I be allowed to say a few words pleading for the life of the King, who has done, through

his charitable institutions, so many grand and worthy deeds for the poor?"

The venerable Judge, with a smooth, pale face and profuse white hair, curled down his back, rose with dignity and, after looking at the audience, laid his hand on the Constitution of the People and said sternly to the lady:

"Madam, your beautiful appearance, as well as your tears, can never move my manhood or sympathy. It is vain and useless for you to try, for I have pledged my life as a servant of the people, and I am not living only to live, but I am living to carry out a burning message of truth and justice, as warm as the sun, with fire that is torturing me and my very soul, but I must carry the message no matter what the cost.

"Your charity, madam, is distorted or disguised under the cloud of graft. You are accused of being accessory to your King to breed pauperism, because it is a suitable element to carry out certain policies and problems in this kingdom. But we representatives of the people, when we disperse your grafting cloud, will not be in need of your charitable institutions. We will replace, them, as well as the prison, by a general industrial training school to fit and equip all men and women for every station in life and, above all things, we will prove to you the fact that it is not a dream, but a reality, for the culture of a better element, physically and mentally, and for citizenship that will be the glory and example of the world and the pride of all nations of the golden age, when with employer hand in hand with employe, and with pensions to servants, to the old and disabled, poverty will no more exist.

"This element of the people will be instructed accordingly. They will waste no time studying dead languages or worshiping broken down idols of Egypt or any other mysticism; they will study the real doctrine of the living God-man, that bleeds every day on the Cross."

The Court addressed the accused: "Now that we have dethroned your Royal Highness, the people's reign will demand of you complete restitution of their divine right, as

well as public utilities, development of natural resources and production through the general distribution of power, that you have so long concentrated and kept from them. A democratic paternal government of the people will reign supreme and be an example to the entire world, and the Constitution of the people will declare many of your laws unconstitutional.

"The laws that allow over-capitalization to control all the public welfare and bleed the people for transportation of freight, or those who claim wireless telegraphy, eternal franchise of roads, are declared unconstitutional.

"The laws that allow a judiciary that is partisan are declared unconstitutional.

"The laws that allow too long terms of office are declared unconstitutional.

"The laws that allow any common carrier of the people's express company to steal or forge any document so as to implicate and ruin, physically and financially, their victims by eternal litigation for the sole purpose of exonerating a monopoly from paying anything for property of their patrons lost by them, are declared unconstitutional.

"The law that opposes the referendum or recall by the people, or refuses a special jury for the adjustment of conflicts by arbitration, regulation for the defense of or settlement of the striker, is declared unconstitutional.

"The law that allows the money of the people to be squandered for persecution of class, and that encourages, equips, protects and licenses big robbers, is called unconstitutional.

"The law that allows public institutions, prisons, hospitals and school text-books to be controlled by private interests, or trusts, is declared unconstitutional.

"The law that allows the servant of the master to be burned, asphyxiated or otherwise killed without compensation for life lost, is declared unconstitutional.

"Our Special Sessions of the Legislature will assign all progressive amendments of the present questions for referendum. A body of men shall be selected from all the stations of life to investigate the difficulties or necessities

of the people's welfare, especially the demands of the sons and daughters of toil. A special grand jury will do away with persecution, congestive jurisdiction and eternal litigation, that bleeds the defenseless and helpless.

"Your Royal Highness' regime is dead and gone, it had lost its dignity and had become a menace, a disease to the heart of our national honor as well as demoralizing to the life of the entire mass. Your plutocrat regime is declared by the grand jury of the people a destructive and dead system. The representatives of the people can no longer tolerate your oppression, domination and tyranny without declaring you a traitor before all wise and reasoning minds. Your despotism and criminality are an accomplished fact. Your victims from criminal carelessness are fearfully numerous. These victims are demanding that justice be done to them and their children, before the God-man and the Divine power. We, the representatives of this paternal government of the people, appealing with the heart and soul to all righteousness for inspiration, demand that justice be done to all these victims.

"Your Royal Highness must see the tragic ending. You must feel that your moment has come. Your tragic ending is bloodless, as you are heartless and soulless."

The Attorney-General then addressed the Court:

"Gentlemen of the court, citizens, fellowmen and gentlemen of the world, I will lay down all my personal social interests to give you my views in this case and will endeavor to concentrate all your thinking forces into one good, sound, clear understanding of the general need and good.

"It is useless to recall the historic facts of 1793, or the horrors of the last revolution. Let us pass over these matters and the suffering caused by them; they have taught us fearful lessons and burning experiences. In this present century of reasoning power men ought to be able to bring all difficulties to a clear understanding and avoid all bloodshed of the past, by calling to order all the mental forces of the human brotherhood to effect any proper reform in a peaceable and reasonable manner. If the

strong, worthy, honorable and truthful man cannot protect his brother less fortunate, who else can do it? If the higher faculty and reasoning mind and good, generous conscience of man can understand all these things clearly, I will appeal to them, with all my power and my voice for the abolition of the horror of war. I am appealing to them specially for the total abolition of capital punishment, that does no good, only keeping the world in a barbarous state of thirst for blood.

"I do earnestly believe that life punishment is the worst punishment that a man's heart and soul can endure. If there is a slight godly spark left in him of a guilty conscience even more or less conscious of his condition, it is terrible, painful, to be constantly accused by the Supreme Being. Oh, how painful! Oh, how horrible! How awful it must be to be accused by that Divine Master. I beg of you to believe that this is the most terrible punishment, no matter what we may think, or say. Remorse is most torturing, yet there is a slight ray of hope left in the human soul, for its salvation!"

The foreman of the grand jury addressed the Court:

"We, the grand jury of the people, instructed by our representatives, and in behalf of the people, have found the King of Mammon guilty of criminal conspiracy against the general welfare, through a financial system that controls the entire commonwealth and its natural resources of the natural domain and the productions worked out by the sons and daughters of toil.

"It is a deliberate and forceful system that controls, dominates and oppresses all the children of its kingdom, directly or indirectly, by stealing the greatest necessities of human life. It is a system of skillful, artful and pernicious destruction of human welfare, physically and morally, by sowing the seeds of general disaster, poverty, barbarous war, revolution and famine.

"Through this lasts thirty years the despotism of the King has made numerous victims; they have arisen from the grave to demand justice for their children that are half-fed or starving and dying from improper food and still

oppressed by the high prices. May these voices be heard! We, the jury, demand that justice may be done."

The Court remained silent for a moment and everybody in the courtroom seemed breathless, awaiting the final decree. But now the door was burst open by a hero of liberty, that had just miraculously escaped death at the Bastille. He had been persecuted by his contemporaries, who could never understand his religious principles of liberty as he had been born ahead of his time. The name of this hero was Thomas Paine. He pleadingly asked the Judge that the life of the King be spared, imploring, he repeatedly asked the Judge: "For Love's sake, Robespierre, don't kill the monarch; kill the monarchy! Don't kill the man, but kill the corrupt system."

The whole courtroom burst in applause that lasted five minutes. The Judge arose and addressed the accused:

"In the name of this brilliant contemporaneous and brave hero, I shall change your sentence from death to exile!. Have you anything to say?"

The King replied. "Yes, I have done wrong! the system is wrong! I feel guilty of this, although I am the victim of an unlimited political system of privilege long established over the general commonwealth. I could no more help to become rich than half of the people to become poor; wealth came to me from every natural resource, as well as my stock market, or central banking in general. I saw the victims everywhere, still I dared not give justice to one of them, fearing I might be compelled to give it to millions of them."

The Judge said to the King:

"Your system is responsible for this, is it? Well, then, we will carry it to its grave, very soon. Meantime, you will be dethroned and banished from the kingdom."

HAS UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE ANY MESSAGE FOR THE WORLD?

By studying primeval man and woman through evolution and civilization we find that woman played the most important part through maternal duty and the needs of her offspring. When she was hunting through the woods for a shelter safe from wild man and beast, she could put little dependence on her savage man, for he would visit her only occasionally in intervals of his quest for food and fresh prey, while her life required much endurance, ever facing destitution in searching for sustenance through the wilderness.

Oh, how her mind must have struggled, not only with the great food problem, but under stress of ever-present fear. She had to invent, to create until she tuned up her ingenious mind to find out various resources in order to be able to feed, shelter, protect and care for her offspring, besides accumulating food for the winter days. With all this she had to learn how to build, to plant, to cultivate the mother earth for her own food, with little assistance from her sons and daughters, to whom she was the first teacher of botany, the first doctor, the first divine preacher of the natural law of God, so simple, so true, when not prostituted by men and money.

In these days she was the whole government, first foundation of all government, that ruled with maternal and paternal authority, which is the best and only foundation of a good, honorable, solid government.

But now came many hungry, savage men to declare war on her, for they had found out that here was something worth conquering. Now through this harder and longer period of torturing fear, wondering what best to do, her mind had to be ever alert. Constant vigilance became compulsory with her, for she alone had the responsibility of her family, and for this reason became the first educator and thinker for the good of the sons of men;

not only as a loving mother, but an uplifting teacher, inspired by all the natural laws of God, by considerations that make life worth living, though keeping up aspiration for the betterment of all.

She was the first physical and mental healer of humanity, the first apothecarian of the human family, the creator of the first sermon of true preaching to men, the queen of the civilization that was true, sincere, elevating. She was not corrupted by any false teaching, she had become distracted and robbed of her legitimate rights by fakers too numerous to be mentioned here.

Then was her home the true sanctuary of prayer, visited by God, for her teachings were as pure as her soul, but falsehood at length came under various colorings to disturb the peace of her home, as well as of her heart.

Century after century brough civil and religious war to force upon her and her family through compulsory mercenary training, a so-called semi-civilization. For ten thousand years she has struggled as she still struggles, against adverse agencies. With all this she remains a mirror of true civilization, the moral home influences a true woman casts around her being the best teaching of the hour, because it is most high, rich and lasting in the minds of her children. She is the mould of true character, beginning at home; it reaches its perfection through the gentle touch of the finishing, artistic hand of the mother that civilizes the world. She has endeavored to uplift man to perfection through the influence of comfort and refinement. She has done much to advance the physical beauty of men by usually selecting to her mind the most perfect physical man and by doing so, century after century, with her artful and tasteful eternal desire of beauty constantly in her mind. In beautifying the world she has had the greatest share. She has had to struggle more with the responsibility of life; thus her instructive forces have developed the growth of brain, made mental powers sounder and clearer.

The facts have been proven that courage, severe endurance and necessity of life bring forth a great deal of

good out of a man's character. Great genuises who faced the greatest difficulty in life courageously were the winners.

Some authorities have claimed that once upon a time woman was superior to man; still she is not demanding any superiority but demanding her legitimate rights. She claims her inheritance, due her as a citizen, an inheritance of equality which is a supreme gift of God. If there is any justice, it is an indisputable right due her. Why should she beg for it?

Now, as long as she is willing to support her government by taxation, and is willing to respect and honor the civil code and to obey the law under which she raised and educated her sons and daughters, why should she be robbed of her rights? Why should she not be allowed to decide what is to be done with her money, or to find out if it is used for educational purposes or for private use? She has a right to demand an accounting of her money paid in taxes.

A political boss may smile at the demand for woman's rights, yet woman has human feeling and individuality, her executive brain power has been proven. She has endured for a long time the assumed superiority and oppression of her tyrant, for she was always told she could have no interest in politics. I beg of you to remember that she has not only excelled in domestic science, but in the learned professions. You will find her in all lines of business. She stands with dignity behind a counter. She runs a bank. Why should she not be in politics to defend her cause in the interests of her children as well as her property?

In married life, if she happens to have a worthless husband, she will have to support the whole family, until they are large enough to help themselves. When they reach that age, she generally reaches her decline. She has proven so much more courageous than man. If you do not believe this ask the family doctor, he will tell you something about the dramatic life of the poor family, half fed, half clothed.

To speak the truth, women have been kept down by

and for those who benefit by it through dark ages of ignorance. She has paid dear for ignorance, through long centuries. During certain wars of conquest she had to pay double tax for all furniture, jewelry and other property, without voice or vote in the matter. She had to give up her husband or son or both to be shot down to death in the cause of some restless, capricious, brainless plutocrat, for his revenge or aggrandisement or the enlargement of his kingdom, without power or right of asking why it was done. If she protested she was told not to inquire into the matter of politics, as it was not the business of women. Her mind was thus kept under the suggestion of what the world calls mesmerism; by being constantly impressed with her helplessness she became weaker and weaker. But I dare you to keep your victim much longer under such malicious suggestions. She will, and she shall have executive power.

Now let us drop for awhile the veil of prejudice; let us think over all the good we need toward each other, as far as the human mind can create it. Such thoughts may bring to us a hundred trains of suggestion how to better the world. And how can we better the world unless we better ourselves? Let us begin at home. A good state of mind, clear and unselfish, to enable us to become more master of ourselves, and our happiness and destiny become more elevated for the general progress of all, for national and international brotherhood, for one human family living under one Father, the Universal Power, one mutually helping sisterhood, subject to the same need, endurance and pain in this life, inheriting the penalty that is to be paid by the suffering of death.

Humanity draws everything from the motherhood of the creation, which is the woman and gives little to her in return. She is the woman child bearing, face to face with all physical and mental suffering that is on earth, and a great many times abandoned to it to this day by a still savage man. Under the law mastered by him, she has no right of defense, no right to vote in matters concerning public welfare or that of herself and family.

Alas! with all this she is willing to bear everything

patiently, silently, herocially, for if she weeps more than once she is weeping alone.

The woman is the first creative power of mankind. Through her regenerative organism of motherhood everything is drawing from her and depending on her primarily. She is not only the blood, the flesh, the bone of mankind, but is the first teacher of the civilized world, not only rocking the cradle but controlling the birth statistics with her sexual power.

The world's history is written by woman as well as by man. All the religions that were preached to her were preached by man, but the woman's heart and soul is the religion itself.

She no longer begs for the intellectual recognition of her mental power but sends her petition to the legislature as her legitimate right in the land of her fathers, that fought, bled and died to make it what it is.

It is not a political boss that makes the progressive industry of the world grow with wealth production, but it is the laboring people's efforts that advance the world socially and politically, through a social evolution, an eternal growth. It is not now the physical or brutal animal force that rules everything.

What woman wants is not only the ballot, more or less sure to carry her message of law-making for her own children, but she wants the entire franchise of her self ownership, the right to say Yes and No.

Do you wonder if she sometimes becomes discouraged or even despairs over her burden of motherhood, without a good father for her children, to assist her through the painful journey of life? Sometimes she does feel that her reward of a family is not enough compensation for her motherhood, when nothing or not enough is provided to enable her to raise and educate her children according to the desire of her heart, no provision for her lonely days of decline or old age. How easy it must be to preach against race-suicide. There are already too many preachers, to preach things that they would not dare to practice themselves. The statesman who can see no

system of provision for the fatherless ought to stop for one moment to think a little longer, or remain silent.

As we carefully follow woman through all her stations in life we find out that her courage will not allow her to demand anything for her children, if she can help herself, that is, when she sees the difficulty of the life into which she brought them, and her own life go helplessly, feebly down with a curse of an unfortunate, not to say unjust poverty.

Poor child! Poor daughter! Poor feeble mother! Where is your paternal government to make provision for the fatherless? The multi-millionaire is too congested with money to give a thought to such, society people are too interested in their pleasures. How can they do anything for such? No, they can do nothing for her, or her fatherless, half fed, half clad child, she must go marching on, paying double taxation. The poor mother has nothing to say, she has no vote to decide as to these murderous systems of tyranny. With all these conditions, she is still willing to give up herocially all the love of her heart, to meet the problem of a hardship, to live honorably for the sake of the support of her little ones. And then when too feeble and old there is no room her her.

Her courage is more willing, more quick to undertake anything hard than that of a man would. With this series of difficulties in life; an honorable and desirable citizen, she has not a voice in law-making, although with patriotism and the interest of the state at heart. All the government has to depend on for foundation is the sacredness of the home. It is there are produced candidates for good, honest, reliable officials. The university may give brass or silver teaching, but the home teaching is gold, and the home alone can give the foundation of a solid government of the people, for the people, by the people. Woman has entered into the political field in many states. In that of Colorado women have proven themselves efficient for the general welfare of the people, eliminating corruption from politics with energetic application of executive power. In Wyoming women enjoy the political rights granted by the legislature in 1875, and since then

they have proved their ability in eliminating crime and criminals, until the prison is almost empty.

The good influence in politics of the women of France—the women most spiritual and finished and accomplished in the world—brought social and moral problems to a solution in a few years by the introduction of effective hygienic measures and the reduction of the numbers of the unfortunate victims of alcoholism that crowded the sanitariums or asylums and effectually disposing of other problems that the French government had fought for years in vain.

I could enumerate a great many women that have practically ruled in politics or on the throne. Josephine predicted for Napoleon that if he didn't stop war he would perish, and so it happened. Alone on the rock of St. Helena, friendless and helpless, this great genius wept for Josephine.

Victoria, the greatest queen England ever knew in her history, held motherly and queenly rule over her people peaceably for almost half a century. Her royal highness is credited to have kept the peace between France and Germany. Her motherly influence is still living among children of men. Her royal highness's heart was broken over the Boer war.

Authorities claim that as long as man runs politics man will have to remain behind the gun. War is one of the most virulent and poisonous agencies for destruction of civilization or semi-civilization. About as bad as the effects of war are those of an election system used by a political boss to misrepresent and rob the people and oppress the sons of toil by substituting the agency of ignorant men called voters, bribed by money or a short job to keep body and soul together until the boss has gained his purpose.

We smile when hearing the political boss say: "Woman may be bought, too." Perhaps they may, but this cannot always take place with intelligent, brainy people, with minds of their own. When they become conscious of their strength they will prove in time their executive power.

Who wants to live in a century of reasoning power, and be dominated by certain kinds of policy, tarnished, stained with disgraceful plotting and conspiracy? When we look up the woman's ruling record to become conscious of the fact of their available good influence in politics it is a new problem before us, helping us to reach our golden age. Let us believe and pray that the woman suffrage is a worldly message of good to man. Woman's influence over the vital questions will bring better solutions. If men are stronger than women to fight, women are stronger for peace.

If man leaves enough space to his glorious queen mother to come forward and unite with her, he will see her marching with dignity to the seat of the legislature and to the House of Representatives. He will see his mother as fair, true and honorable as any person he would ever want to see, co-operating with him. She will use all her motherly influence to represent, to defend, to protect all sons of men and especially the son of toil, that has for so long been misrepresented. A motherly government, a paternal government, is needed to give right and justice to all.

Thus woman suffrage has a message to give to the world, national and international, illumining the four corners of the world with a light long obscured by superstition and prejudice. This message is coming like the rising sun of Lincoln, the Great, to enlighten the century with a new radiance, and the woman will rise as the moon, timidly, humbly, to light the darkest spot of corrupted politics. The Queen of the Night will send all her rays to bring a better system of justice to man.

From the fairyland of the free to the obscure corners of the earth she will be an inspiration as well as a declaration of independence for the souls of men.

The queen of the creation will bring peace and harmony to all the brotherhood of man. She will lay her foot on the snake of superstition in each and every country. She will beg, plead, sob, demand of the demon of war to abandon his battery, to break his sword, still red with the youthful blood of millions of geniuses that have been

slaughtered in the interests of worthless and degenerate plutocrats. The children of the queen mother of the free, that has her land still damp with the blood of her dead heroes of the revolution, will arise before the world of this twentieth century of reasoning power, to give truthful example of the fitness of a fraternal government of the people, for the people, always by the people.

Then we will reach the true civilization of the golden age, triumphant with a universal suffrage, with a general love and understanding of the responsibility for each other, children of God with one religion of justice to all men, one God, the living God of mankind. Let us believe this message will be heard throughout the entire world, and let woman, queen of the creation, use all influence to encourage and stimulate the human heart for one universal good, to unite all men as brothers and realize the great victory of peace. Then shall we have one supreme international tribunal to settle all questions of nations, with an international fleet, not for war, but for peace, protection for all, men of genius traveling the world to invent, to create, to enlighten, to master the sea, the land and the air that now unfortunately too many of them die without—and no cause or possibility of war.

The world needs all its genius, most precious gift of God, to uplift, encourage, enlighten and benefit.

Greece killed her geniuses because they dared to tell her the truth, and down she went. Rome killed her Cæsars, down she went. Spain, with her inquisition, killed her geniuses to force upon them beliefs that she did not believe herself, down she went.

So the land of the free is to rise with the sun for the good of all. The message of universal suffrage comes as a blessing to the human kind. Let it be; there is room for all. Let the queen of the land, the mother of creation, hold forth the palm of victory under the wings of the dove of peace. Let the tender song be sung to the children of men and the angels: "Peace on earth and good will to men".

THE FIGHT FOR WESTERN LAND.

Out west there are millions of acres, where myriads of cattle are raised for the world's market and where thousands of men and women will grow up strong and healthy. It is pleasing to travel through this country and see the advantages and opportunities of agriculture. From Oregon to Alaska it is encouraging to the man-bird and a very interesting proposition to the pioneer settler.

The only drawback of this western country arises from corporation commercial obstruction. A flying squadron of railroad agents have spotted the most valuable districts and classified them into three divisions: First, land most suitable for farming and fruit production; second, the timbering land and its timber; third, the mineral land, and town site locations.

All this land property is secured under the Desert and Railroad Acts, which provide for homestead and mineral location rights. Application is made for patent and to secure such it takes many years. Meanwhile these flying speculators are renting this land of the people to people who are but too willing to rent, who do the hardest primary work with the hope of making a home.

In the farming country we have known people who worked on the renting or installment plan until the property gained value, and the tree was almost ready to bear. Then the chief agent laid before them a final proposition either to vacate or to buy, otherwise the property would be sold to the highest bidder.

The mineral agent that located a mineral product claimed also the surface. This he divided into lots, 30 x 100 feet, and sold them for ten or twenty times the value, with the promise to give to the purchasers the patent when he got it. Meanwhile, perhaps, the

same property had been sold to other parties by different agents. This system is lasting until the patent is given by the U. S. Government.

During all the period of the town site boom the property keeps its high value, being boosted and advertised, but as soon as the agent has drawn all he can from the town site he deserts the place, and the few settlers that are compelled to remain are many times helpless and unable to sell their property or even give it away.

By this time the squadron of land grabbers has disappeared, their fortunes having been made with the land of the people sold to the people without the sellers having had anything to pay for it save the original price under the Desert Act, \$1.00 per acre. Thus the gentlemen that sell the land have practically nothing to pay, but those who buy the land from them have to pay, together with the fancy price, all taxation, do all the improving and face the conditions of the exploitation.

Do we wonder if these settlers sometimes would get discouraged, being thus preyed on, parasited, by the big men behind the curtain.

In 1830, our generous France emancipated the Jews. Later she equipped her own settlers with all things necessary to any farmer and colonized her African colony. When she looked for her reward from the settlers each was assessed according to the value of his crop.

The main necessity in the start of a settler in the virgin land is to be thoroughly equipped with all the necessary implements and things to work with, that means, proper backing to make his enterprise good, durable and lasting, for it is impossible to succeed otherwise. He and his family and stock will need protection against weather, more or less severe, without speaking of any other difficulty or struggle. First of all must be guarded the life of man and beast.

Too many settlers have given up their lives clinging to the hope of ultimate success, but at least half

of them have perished while waiting for one more effort for the want of proper backing, when this might have been avoided by investigation and precaution in the matter. America should emulate France in making the care of her settlers a matter of national pride leading to sure success.

IN SYMPATHY WITH MY NATIVE LAND.

ON THE OCCASION OF THE DISASTROUS INUNDATION
OF JANUARY 27, 1910.

France, oh my beloved, flooded and in distress, hear a voice of sympathy that comes from the American Desert, with deep feeling of sorrow and regret for your people and their sufferings under this terrible visitation.

My heart, my soul is with you, with that deep filial love of native land so dear to all your children, especially those who are traveling the four corners of the world for the betterment and the enlightenment of it.

Brave Belle France! I am kneeling down before your tricolor, half-masted for a national calamity, with a prayer for all your sufferers and victims of that deplorable catastrophe of such tragic sadness that makes me weep with you all.

Your great sister republics unite in sympathy with your distressed people with a liberal, generous spirit of humanity that wishes good to all, malice to none.

You, the native land of milk and honey, of my grandparents and darling father and mother, so dear to my memory; you that gave me a sweet mother that was so willing to live or die for her babe, with the most angelic kindness of a loving heart that fed me with her milk so rich with kindness, that built me so strong physically and mentally and always fearless like a valiant dragon before the battle of life.

Bless thee that gave me my first kiss and blessed me, bless thee that taught me my first prayer, first song, my first dance so joyful on thy lap; bless thee for all eternity.

My fairy land, the land of the valiant heart and soul of genius, that fought courageously, tirelessly,

two thousand years for freedom, with courage so great, so high, that you shall never be forgotten by any of your children, in war, in peace, or any disaster in life.

The love of your children will guard you, defend you most jealously anywhere, any time; they will search for all your victims of the disaster with a torch of love, truth and liberty, deep down even in the depth of darkness of night in afflicted Paris, fearlessly, until they overcome the deadly force of the wave.

Your brave soldiers of the past and the present are still living in the memory of us all. Your Old Guards, with the commander Cambronne, have still your national honor at heart, and they are not dead.

Your genius will rebuild and remodel your city devoured by ruin, will make it greater than Greece, mightier than eternal Rome, surround it with the highest wall of intellectual and industrial progress of the world.

Your soldiers are coming to your rescue from the four cardinal points of the world. Here they come, willing and eager to fight the crushing disaster, and they will do so until victory crowns their efforts and strength and beauty takes the place of ruin and desolation.

THE VICTORY OF THE SOUL.

This dreadful feeling that burned and pierced me
through has overpowered all thoughts of worldly
malice;

Still, my soul prays for help from painful injustice, so
irritating to my mind that it tortures me.

But as I look around I see God everywhere;
And the evil man or woman disappears from my
thoughts.

The human voice in the long distance calls me to the re-
lief of painful suffering, and I see the gashed
and bleeding World.

From this on I never see any more sinners,
Nothing but suffering everywhere.

These sorrowful feelings and sweet life sacrifice, at the
same time,

Have cheered me long; they are rich, nourishing to the
soul.

It will be a shame for me to die without trying to ex-
press the sweet feeling of it—devotion to others!

Its grandeur has made life sweeter to live, and it has
killed all the folly of my youth,

All the dreams of illusion, all my superstition and
human slavery.

I feel free as a bird that has come out of its shell,
ready to fly from place to place.

It is an eternal song of happiness to the human soul,
Wishing to learn for the betterment of all.

With this I have outgrown the vicissitudes of life.

I have outgrown the vanities of the world.

I have outgrown the slavery of sin.

I have outgrown my selfish thoughts.

I have outgrown the animal pleading of the heart.

I have outgrown bigotry and superstition.

I have outgrown all fear of death.
I have outgrown my human weakness, and I am free.
I have moralized my tongue; my thoughts; my very heart.

I have cleared the inside of my heart from prejudice
and false judgment against others.

I have destroyed the foolish root of the evil spirit out
of it.

I have fought the devil out of my own heart, and told
him that there was no room for him.

After I had cleaned my own house, I saw no more sin.

I told the evil spirit to leave me alone,

I called him an impostor.

I said to him that he had nothing for me that I wanted.

And I understood him and outwitted him with the sim-
plicity of things that are sound and true.

I laughed at him.

I told him I was fearless of all his threatening.

From this on, I never saw him any more.

My masterful mind has cleared the evil entirely from
my heart,

And I have become the royal master at home.

All the sinners that I have ever seen in the creation
since were sufferers. Nothing else!

I felt horrified, I could weep, I could sob, but as I
Turned around I saw God again. Now I hear Him
speak and command all the good work for me
to do.

His godly spirit is breathing life, and He is the Sub-
lime and the Divine.

I obey Him all day long;

If I do not, I am tortured ten times worse than death.
Otherwise, His work is my work and we harmonize
together so as to do wonders.

His breath is my breath. His voice is my voice.

His command is love, everywhere. I laugh at
Satan!

And say to him: "Thou art the enemy of truth, I shall
fight you through the inferno, audacious
monster!

I shall confuse you and all your projects.

I must, I shall, I will resist you and your seven- capital
dragon of darkness.

I shall remain brilliant, firm and strong, before all
malice.

I shall work and travel with you, without ever being
hurt by you,

Because I am sound, and you cannot tempt me or shock
me any more.

I have defied you.

You will perish.

Perish with your abomination!

I command you to kneel down, or I shall pierce you
with my sword.

You have fought me, and I have fought you,

And I have conquered you, like the Archangel
Michael.

My heart is happy, in spite of all your power.

My soul is in paradise, before your presence.

Your malice shall not soil my garment.

I am beyond your reach.

Nothing can trouble the paradise of my heart.

It is goodness that is the foundation of it, and it will
last 'till you will be a thing of the past.

It is durable.

You shall vanish into the darkness

Before the sunlight of truth.

WARNINGS.

One glorious and warm day in July,
Just awakened by the gay songs of the Robin and the
Bluejay.

My heart warm, my mind serene and cheerful,
In spite of all my persecution.
I feel that I could join them in their morning prayers,
When their orchestra raises their sweet voices,
Full of gratitude and thanks to God.

Longing, thinking, lonely, seeing all the beauties of
Nature;
The still, fresh air, full of sweet fragrance,
All nature rejoicing, drinking in all the morning dews
That have fallen gently over her gown of Beauty.

Oh Life! Oh Nature! Oh Beauty! So dear to my
heart wounded;
So soft, so true and sweet.
Oh Beauty, thou art my beloved, my sweetheart.
Let me lay my heart on thy bosom,
So dear, so tender, my weary heart is dying for a breath
of love.

Where art thou, my divine, my infinite, more great in
splendor than King Solomon.
Alas! Come to me; inspire me; strengthen me, or I will
faint.
Your presence will kill all my pain.

POLITICS AND THE PROFESSIONS.

On this subject of many scandals I would speak as follows:

"Is it the politicians that influence the granting of credentials and diplomas? The law is supposed to require four full years of study, but we often see the supposed student, enlisted for four years on the roll-call, who in reality puts in only a few months' appearance every year, or crowds two years in one, or one year in three months, and then suddenly appears as a full fledged light, with all kinds of large and attractive documents, to decorate his office and blind the public.

"Is there any name for such imposition on the public mind and confidence? But this is not all. These politicians persecute every competitor that comes into the field, so they may monopolize it, and then they boast that the people have got to employ them.

"Now, having gathered the credentials, generally speaking, they are unable to do the work, perhaps totally incompetent. It is getting money under false representations. It is a fraud on the public.

"If a man or woman is a drug-fiend of any kind, he or she is incapable and ought to be disqualified, no matter what the personal pretensions may be.

"Otherwise it is a gross imposition upon the weak and the defenseless.

"But some political professionals will carry out their plans, regardless of all costs, even if it ruins the health and the lives of their fellow-men, so it serves their private interests. If a poor man wants a divorce, he has to pay cash for it, even though a small amount. The rich man has to pay accordingly. But it sometimes seem as if a politician can secure a diploma or anything else, by using his political advantages, even if he has to steal the seal of the State.

"Beware of this, nation of free voters, remember

this. Don't make a fool of yourself when you go in the poll room booth. Keep your nerve until you get there, and don't sell your vote. This is the only medicine, and the real one, that gives the politician a crampy feeling. It is the best, and the wisest, the surest and most intelligent way to keep the sacredness of the ballot, for those who love and respect their beautiful country, which is in peril of evil from rottenness and corruption. The gentlemen who believe in living honorably under the constitution of the free, must put their shoulders together to the wheel, otherwise there will occur some deplorable error that will ruin the heart and soul of the nation.

"It is weakness, it is indolence, it is cowardliness to not try to purify and to disinfect thoroughly the air of politics. The contamination may get through into our homes and poison our people of the future generation.

"But what arouses indignation is to see these grafters intruding everywhere, usurping the rights of the people. It is simply a viper turning around to sting the hand that feeds it.

"I would say to the Boss: 'If you do not do justice to the people, beware! They may rise against you in one mass, and the mass in one. But universal suffrage is coming, surely. It is coming, whether you want it or not. Democrat Socialists are coming fast.'"

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If thou wishest the world better, better theyself.

If thou longest for love, do now love the living and the suffering.

If thou longest for paradise, try to make paradise for all.

If thou wishest to do anything more, do not wait until hearts are chilled in death.

If thou hast divine feeling in thy soul, forgive the sin to them all.

If thou still doubtst the living God, stop to listen to thine own heart beat and soul speaking.

